Leatherneck

OCT. 1954 MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES 25c

SUBMARINE SAFARI

★

DMZ MARINES

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This pen "BURPS" before it drinks...

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Bottom—VENTURA GIFT SET. Cap in rich color of natural gold. Barrel in choice of 5 colors. Pen **$5.00.*** Set with matching Repeater Pencil—only **$8.75.***

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Revolutionary new methods of design and engineering enable EVERSHARP to bring you features found in no other pens at *any* price! Features like amazing Air Jet Exhaust . . . Circulatory Feed . . . and silent-writing, Osthenium-tipped 14-karat gold points! For graduation or any gift occasion make your gift choice an EVERSHARP!

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What Now?

PROCTER & GAMBLE addresses a challenge to young men who will return to civilian life this year, particularly those who entered the services directly from college.

For the young, college-educated man with leadership potential and the ability to reason logically and clearly, to make and execute sound decisions, to develop original and creative ideas, Procter & Gamble offers an opportunity to grow with a growing company. Expanding rapidly in many fields, Procter & Gamble has a great need for capable young men who can be advanced *individually* in position and compensation as rapidly as each individual's ability permits.

We give below brief descriptions of the opportunities available together with some basic information about Procter & Gamble as a company:

Advertising—For this work we seek men who can take on broad marketing responsibilities quickly. The nature of this work is not advertising as most people conceive of it, but business administration within the framework of marketing and advertising.

Buying and Traffic—Buying of commodities, supplies, and equipment is a vital phase of Procter & Gamble's operation and offers opportunities for qualified men to progress to top management levels. Closely allied to Buying is the Traffic Department which deals with the movement of goods to and from our factories.

Manufacturing—Responsibility for efficient production of quality products developed to fill consumer needs rests with this group. Opportunities exist for recent graduates in Engineering or Chemistry who are interested in research, equipment design, development, and factory management.

Comptroller—This Division is our Company's center for accounting and forecasting information affecting all phases of our domestic and overseas operations. Excellent opportunity for advancement into managerial positions is offered to men with a general business education and an interest in management accounting.

Sales—Outstanding opportunities exist in the Company's sales departments to progress rapidly to responsible positions in sales management. Previous experience unnecessary as excellent training program is provided. Progress depends only upon your ability, initiative, and results.

Overseas—Interesting opportunities in the fields described above are available with subsidiary companies in major foreign cities. No contract or special language requirement. Employment highly selective since positions require early assumption of responsibility.

★ ★ ★

What is Procter & Gamble's Position In Its Industry? Procter & Gamble is the country's leading manufacturer of soaps and synthetic detergents. It is also a leader in the drug products and food industries as well as being one of the nation's largest producers of chemical pulp and glycerine.

What Is Procter & Gamble's Financial Record? The Company was founded in 1837 and has been incorporated since 1890. In all these years it has *never* missed a dividend to its common share holders and has shown an operating profit every year.

Is Procter & Gamble a Growing Company? Since 1900 the Company has grown rapidly and still continues to grow. During the last ten years, Procter & Gamble has introduced nine new national products.

Is Procter & Gamble a Well-Managed Company That Will Recognize My Individual Potentialities? Procter & Gamble has been voted the best managed company in the United States by the American Institute of Management, and has been given an "excellent" rating for its executive development program.

What Advancement Possibilities Does Procter & Gamble Offer Me? A man's ability determines his future at P&G. The Company "grows" its executives; it does not "hire" them. All the Company's officers have long records of employment with Procter & Gamble.

★ ★ ★

If you feel that you qualify for a position in one of the Company's operating departments and would like to know more about the department and the Company, write to:

W. L. Franz, Supervisor of Employment, Box L9, Gwynne Bldg., Sixth & Main Streets, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

IN THIS *Leatherneck*

NEXT ISSUE

The phrase, "Now in the Old Corps . . ." has been prefacing discussions for decades of colorful Marine history, but evidently no one has ever succeeded in drawing a line which separated the Old Corps from the New. We don't believe it can be done, but we're giving our writers a chance to express their opinions on the subject in our Old Corps—New Corps November Anniversary Issue.

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THIS MONTH'S COVER

In her own timid way, Kitty says she is fonder of Mac than anyone else in the battalion. Actually, that meatcan of milk is her real interest but the burly belly robber doesn't mind. He knows artist John Chalk stymied the situation by painting a rough-looking Marine sergeant into the cover.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least FIVE WEEKS before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address LEATHERNECK Magazine P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Send **OLD** address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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Old Gold
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
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Posed by Irmgard Paul young TV actress

UNTIL YOU TRY King Size OLD GOLDS, you'll never know how wonderful a King Size cigarette can taste. In both popular sizes, OLD GOLD is backed by the same rich background and know-how . . . the same skilled tobacco craftsmanship that has always made Regular OLD GOLDS so popular.

Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

INFLUX OF NEW IDEAS

Dear Sir:

I have noticed that you forward suggestion letters and new ideas from Marines to various departments of the Marine Corps for review and consideration.

Now, my question is this: Why doesn't Headquarters, Marine Corps, have a setup to permit Marines to send in their recommendations and suggestions direct to the Marine Corps?

To eliminate the wisecrackers, I would suggest that all suggestion letters be prepared in the normal official letter form and forwarded with endorsement of the lowest administrative command direct to HQMC. It would not be necessary to maintain a file copy of the suggestion for the command files due to the temporary nature of the correspondence. It appears to me, that, as a result of hearing many ideas from old salts as well as from the younger Marines, the Marine Corps should benefit by this influx of new ideas from both officer and enlisted personnel.

SSgt. James L. Thompson
H&S Battery, 11th Marines,
1st Marine Div., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Marine Corps does have a system whereby Marines are encouraged to send in new ideas. Although Marine Corps General Order Number 107 is out of date and pending revision, Marines may still submit their suggestions to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Code A04E, via official channels.—Ed.*

EXPLANATION

Dear Sir:

I have been a subscriber of your fine magazine for the past three years, but for the past six months I haven't been receiving my copy. I sent in my new address when I changed duty stations but so far no results. Can you give me some information on this?

Corp. James Brown
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

UNDER CONTROL

WHEN A FIRE broke out in a theater and it seemed as if panic would cause disaster, a powerful voice was heard shouting, "Take it easy everybody, leave it to the Marines." Over and over that voice was heard above the crowd. "Don't push. The Marines have the situation in hand. Plenty of doors, folks. Leave it to the Marines."

The booming voice coming from the tall, confident figure holding a megaphone to his lips as he walked up and down the stage inspired confidence, leading to an ordinary withdrawal from the theater.

Later, while photographers took pictures, the theater manager congratulated the young man, telling him it was a lucky day for all that a former member of the U. S. Marines happened to be in the theater. The young man looked startled for a moment then said, "I wouldn't want to misrepresent myself but I've never been in the Marines."

Before anyone could ask a question, he continued, "It just seemed like the natural things to say under the circumstances."

Robert S. Manoff

● *You submitted your new address, but did you remember to submit your old address along with the new one? The files of our Circulation Department are set up according to Postal Regulations which require more than 150,000 plates to be filed according to state, city and name. Thus, when a change of address is submitted you should be sure to include the old address at which you had been receiving the magazine. This enables the Circulation Department to quickly find your plate and make the necessary changes.*

If you have been transferred more than once since sending in a change of address, list all of your previous duty stations as follows:

My new address is: (name, rank, serial number, and complete mailing address).

My old addresses were:

(1)
(2)
(3)

If the staff cannot find your plate under the latest "old address" given, then they look in another file for the next "old address," and so on until your plate has been found.

In brief, if you will send in your present address, along with your old address, your plate can easily be located and the necessary changes made. —Ed.

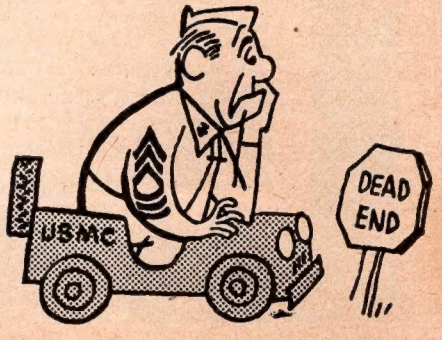
LIKES INCENTIVE PLAN

Dear Sir:

In the August, 1954, issue of *Leatherneck*, page 5, of the "Sound Off" column, you had an article entitled "Incentive Plan" which related to master sergeants being stymied in grade.

The above-mentioned article has been discussed by seven of us master sergeants and we find the article and plan extremely interesting and as one might say, "It hits the nail on the head."

A man should never be stymied in one rank, such as master sergeants presently are. Why not run a master sergeant right into the warrant officer ranks so that he can have a chance to advance, and something to look forward to and work for.



For example, a master sergeant with six years in grade and good fitness reports, good conduct and proficiency marks, physically qualified, regardless of age, could automatically be promoted to Warrant Officer (one). This would relieve the master sergeant grade for more promotions and create an incentive for the sixth pay grader who wishes to become a top grader.

I further suggest that letters be brought to the attention of the CMC for possible submission to Congress or for appropriate action rather than let it die.

All seven of us master sergeants would like to be able to look forward to promotion rather than retirement on 20, which is our only way out.

Seven Master Sergeants
Marine Corps Air Station,
El Toro, Calif.

● *We cannot forward letters for action or comment unless they are signed. If you would like to have your comments reviewed, send us another letter—and sign it, please.—Ed.*

QUALIFICATION BADGES

Dear Sir:

I am a hospital corpsman serving with the Marines and I signed up to be on a Marine rifle and pistol team. If I complete all the qualifications that are required of any Marine, will I be eligible to wear the Marine Corps Marksman Badge?

Half of the men say yes to this question and the other half say no.

Your advice on this question will be appreciated.

Billie V. Shelton, HN, USN
Weapons Company
3rd Battalion, 1st Marines
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Bureau of Naval Personnel says that Naval personnel who placed in Marine Corps Divisional or higher level matches will be issued Navy Place Medals which will count as "legs" toward distinguished marksman or rifleman. Consequently, you are not eligible to wear the Marine Corps Marksman Badge.—Ed.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

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AIRMAIL A CARD TODAY

JAX PHOTO SERVICE
BOX 9021 BRIDGEPORT CONN.

Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Compiled
by TSgt. John P. McConnell

Mrs. Pat F. Morris, Box No. 5, Ledbetter, Ky., to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of **Pfc Pat F. MORRIS.**

* * *

Former Marine Harvey (Bernie) Bernstein, 1755 E. 13th St., Brooklyn 29, N. Y., to hear from members of VMR-252, MAG-21, Fourth Marine Air Wing, who served on Guam in 1945, in order to plan a reunion.

Former Marine James E. Dolan, c/o B. L. Easterling, Route No. 2, Richton, Miss., to hear from **Pfc James E. DOLEY,** and other boot camp buddies.

* * *

Mr. & Mrs. Shellie Peake, Sr., RFD No. 1, Ridgeway, S. C., to hear from anyone having information concerning their son, **Pfc Shellie PEAKE, Jr.,** reported MIA Dec. 2, 1950. He served with "H" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, First Marine Division.

* * *

TSgt. M. R. Laskowski, "A" Co., Schools Dem. Trps., MCS, Quantico, Va., to hear from **Capt. Leon N. UTTER.**

* * *

Miss Mary Ellen Bancroft, 210 Fremont St., Butler, Pa., to hear from **SSgt. M. L. MC MANUS, Sgt. Reginald HEATH,** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. Oliver Apuakehou, "C" Co., 1st Bn., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Franciso, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Samuel Jackson ARMSTRONG** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Buckley, 162 Lebanon Church Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa., to hear from **TSgt. John GERMAN.**

* * *

Miss Judith Wilson, Pineland College, Salemburg, N. C., to hear from **Corp. Mike JORDAN.**

* * *

SSgt. Paul C. Haynes, MD, USS **Missouri** (BB63), c/o FPO N.Y., N. Y., to hear from **SSgt. Clyde BENEDICT.**

* * *

Former Marine Roy L. Dutton, 719½ W. 75th St., Los Angeles 44, Cal., to hear from **MSgt. Kenneth S. MATSON.**

* * *

Corp. P. B. Moore, H&S Bn., FMF Pacific, c/o FPO San Francisco, Cal., to hear from **SSgt. Leon LAMBERT.**

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Reed, 55 S. Main St., Brookville, Pa., to hear from anyone who was with their son, **Myron H. REED,** when he was wounded July 8, 1953, while serving with "F" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, 1stMarDiv. He succumbed to wounds July 16, 1953, aboard the USS **Repose.**

* * *

E. R. Folds, Gen. Del., Homoja Housing, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from **SSgt. Roy L. HUST** of Magnolia, Ark.

* * *

SSgt. H. H. Leverette, MB, Naval Station, New Orleans, La., to hear from **Sgt. Frederick C. HAYES.**

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Former Marine Granville W. Gilstrapp, 204 E. 30th St., Austin, Tex., to hear from Sgts. **Lawrence F. TOTARO, Wilbert F. UYSASE** and **Corp. Robert C. AIKINS.** He also wishes to hear from any cooks who served with 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1stMarDiv.

* * *

Mrs. L. E. Thorpe, 8650 Oak Park Ave., Oak Lawn, Ill., to hear from **Lieut. CONLY** or anyone having information concerning her son, **Corp. Bill D. THORPE,** "G" Co., 3d Bn., 7th Marines, who was reported MIA October 6, 1952, on "Detroit Hill."

* * *

TSgt. James E. McCarty, "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **TSgt. Kenneth W. JEFFREY.**

* * *

Pfc Harry R. Sellards, Ord. Sup. Sect., MCSD, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Marine **Gerald R. UNDERWOOD.**

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lundberg, 1135 S. Smith Ave., West St. Paul, Minn., to hear from anyone who has information concerning their son, **Corp. Warren A. LUNDBERG.** He was listed as wounded and MIA at Yudam-ni Nov. 28, 1950, while serving with "E" Co., 2d Bn., 7th Marines, 1stMarDiv, and has since been declared dead.

* * *

Former Marine W. F. Williams, RFD #1, Billings, Mont., to hear from **MSgt. William DOOLITTLE,** who was an enlisted pilot on Midway in 1944.

* * *

Pfc David L. Johnson, Division Disbursing Office, 1stMarDiv, c/o FPO San Francisco, Cal., to hear from **Pfc Edward SMITH,** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine James B. Garrity, Philco Tech. Rep., 721st AC&W Squadron, APO 714, c/o PM Seattle, Wash., to hear from **TSgt. Charles A. MARKELLO.**

* * *

Former Marine Roswell B. Kelly, 23 Lexington SW, Grand Rapids, Mich., to hear from **Pfc "E" "W" WILKINSON** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Sgt. Charles A. Smyth, Jr., American Embassy, Quito, Ecuador, S. A., to hear from **Sgt. Leslie L. WHETSTONE** and **Pfc Earl CREECH.**

* * *

Former Marine Robert M. (Monty) Montoya, 1051 Ogden St., Denver, Colo., to hear from **TSgt. William E. BUCHMANN** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

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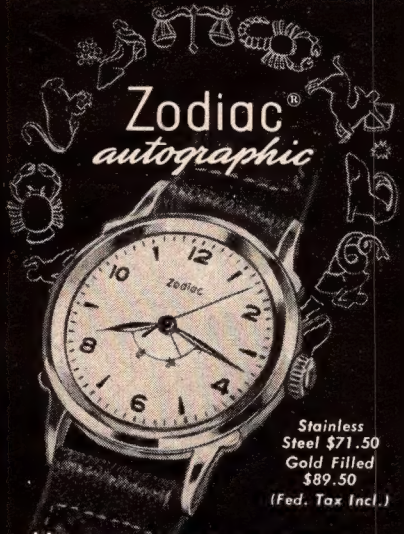

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MAIL CALL (cont.)

W. R. Bowman, 2110 3d Ave., North St. Petersburg, Fla., to hear from **Pvt. Glenn C. SHARP.**

* * *

Sgt. Henry Wallace and SSgt. John C. King, "A" Co., 1st Bn., Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Sgts. Pete JULIAN, Ronald HUBBARD** and others they served with at Henderson Hall HQMC, from 1949 to 1951.

* * *

Pfc John W. Cleary, Casual Plt., 3d Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., to hear from **Pfc Gus PASTIRIK.**

* * *

Glenn H. Hicks, 3110 Sunset Blvd., Houston 5, Tex., to hear from Marine **Ray SEAHORN.**

* * *

Bill Breen, 62 S. Union St., Rochester 7, N. Y., to hear from **Sgt. Stanley J. WILK** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Sgt. Donald K. Carman, U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station, Rm. 211, P. O. Bldg., Utica, N. Y., to hear from **SSgts. Virgil NEAL** and **Bernard B. HOLBERT.**

* * *

Pfc Thomas B. Polstom, MD, USS **Tarawa** (CVA-40), c/o FPO N. Y., N. Y., to hear from **Pfc Robert HALL.**

* * *

Sgt. Arthur W. Rose, Marine Security Guard, American Embassy, Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, W. I., to hear from **Sgt. Gerald GENOVESE** and **Corp. Louis J. MOREL.**

* * *

Pfc Ervin G. Mahnke, H&S Btry., 2d Bn., Twelfth Marines, Third Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, to hear from Marine **Robert L. (Red) STRICKLAND.**

* * *

Pfc John F. Healey, H&S Btry., 1st Bn., Eleventh Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfcs John S. CHAMPION, Thomas COLARDO** and **Robert F. EVANS.**

* * *

Former Marine McGarvey G. Summers, 238½ W. Hubbard Ave., Columbus 8, Ohio, to hear from **Joseph R. (Tacos) DUHON.**

* * *

Corp. Howard R. Carter, "A" Co., 1st Eng. Bn., First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from anyone who was stationed at MB, USNS, Annapolis, Md., in the Summer of 1953 as a rifle instructor.

Donald F. Gaba, 2114 S. St. Joseph St., South Bend 14, Ind., to hear from **Leo W. HINRICKSON** and others who finished from Tank #12 at Camp Del Mar in Dec., 1951.

* * *

Miss Bernice L. Schort, 21742 Eleven Mile Road, Rt. #3, Big Rapids, Mich., to hear from **Corp. Fred GARDNER.**

* * *

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Kincaid, Chesapeake, W. Va., to hear from the Marine sergeant who attempted to reach her with information concerning the death of her son in Korea.

* * *

SSgt. Homer E. Nabors, H&HS, First Marine Air Wing, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Sgts. Earl JAANSEN** and **PAULINE ROMERO.**

* * *

Miss Alice Nicolet, Rt. 2, Rome, Ohio, to hear from **Pfc Howard HANDY** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine Charles Plante, 84 Ave. "C", Woonsocket, R. I., to hear from **William H. RANKIN** of Pittsburgh, Pa., with whom he served at the Parris Island rifle range.

* * *

Sgt. Robert G. Pote, 1st E.O.D. Co., FMF, Camp Pendleton, Calif., to hear from Marines **Ernest TURNER, Jr.,** and **Bob METTEN.**

* * *

Former Marine Charles E. Broadway, 334 10th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **TSgt. Clarence C. RIZER.**

* * *

Pfc Russell E. Dick, "G" Co., 3d Bn., First Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Marine **James MURPHY** of Cherry, Ill.

* * *

Pfc Clifford R. Arnold, Guard Sec., Hq. Co., Hq. Bn., First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Gordon METGER.**

* * *

SSgt. Lawrence A. Cheesemon, MARTD, NAS, Akron, Ohio, to hear from Marine **Lawrence J. CARROLL.**

* * *

Former Marine Lou Jobst, Santa Ana Register (Editorial Dept.), Santa Ana, Calif., to hear from **Lieut. James S. THOMPSON.**

* * *

Sgt. David W. Mayhew, 1212 Holly St., Nashville, Tenn., to hear from **Lieut. David SPURLOCK.**

* * *

V. L. Kidwell, 3202 Louise Dr., Nashville, Tenn., to hear from Marine **John WHITE.**

END

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 5*]

OREGON STATE BONUS

Dear Sir:

I just finished the August "Far East Souvenir Issue" of the *Leatherneck* and enjoyed it very much.

I am writing this in regard to a letter printed in your column concerning states paying a Korean bonus. In your answer you said the State of Oregon was paying a bonus. Well, I was released from active duty in November of 1953, and shortly thereafter, I applied to Oregon for an application for the Korean bonus and was informed that the information that Oregon was paying a state bonus to Korea vets was incorrect. I would like to know who is correct on this, or if Oregon has recently passed a bonus measure. Any help would be appreciated.

Robert J. Granich
7361 Zephyr Place,
Maplewood 17, Mo.

● *The information we published about the Oregon State bonus came from an official publication. However, the information proved to be erroneous; Oregon is not paying a state bonus to Korea veterans.*

The Oregon Bonus Bureau has this to say: "Please be advised that to date there has been no legislation in the State of Oregon authorizing payment of a bonus to veterans of the Korean Conflict. A bulletin was issued in

Washington, D. C., to the effect that Oregon was paying a Korean bonus, and necessary steps have been taken to correct this erroneous information. However, home loans and educational benefits are available to Korean veterans.

"The State of Oregon has paid a bonus to veterans of World War II having served at least 90 days of active duty within the compensable period of 16 September 1940 and 30 June 1946, and who were bona fide Oregon residents for one full year immediately prior to entry on active duty. The deadline for filing of applications for World War II bonus was 31 December 1953."—Ed.

RESERVE INDEFINITE

Dear Sir:

We would like to know the status of the plan to discharge enlistees who signed indefinite before 30 June 1951, the effective date of the new Armed Forces Reserve Act. The last piece of information you carried in the *Leatherneck* said that the policy of considering us three-year enlistees was being considered, which was a fair and just arrangement. However, we have had this word for the past year and a half, and Selective Service says we have no further obligation.

We are anxious to be discharged, as many of us signed as early as 1949, indefinite. Since that time the Marine Corps Reserve has signed men for term enlistments which have expired, and these men have been discharged, yet we are still in.

Please tell us through "Sound Off"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

NEW 1954 WORLD SERIES RECORD BOOK

FREE! With Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set

● FIRST EDITION A SELLOUT... 1954 BOOK REVISED TO INCLUDE LATEST FACTS AND FIGURES
● ENLARGED BY 16 PAGES OF NEW FEATURES TO MAKE IT EVEN MORE VALUABLE
● CONTAINS ALL FEATURES LISTED ON BOOK COVER SHOWN BELOW, PLUS:
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● WHO PITCHED THE MOST CONSECUTIVE SHUTOUT INNINGS IN WORLD SERIES HISTORY?
● THREE BATTERS HAVE HIT FOUR HOMERS IN A SINGLE SERIES. NAME THEM!
● WHO MADE THE ONLY UNASSISTED TRIPLE PLAY IN WORLD SERIES HISTORY?
● THE NEW 1954 GILLETTE WORLD SERIES RECORD BOOK ANSWERS THESE QUESTIONS AND THOUSANDS MORE!

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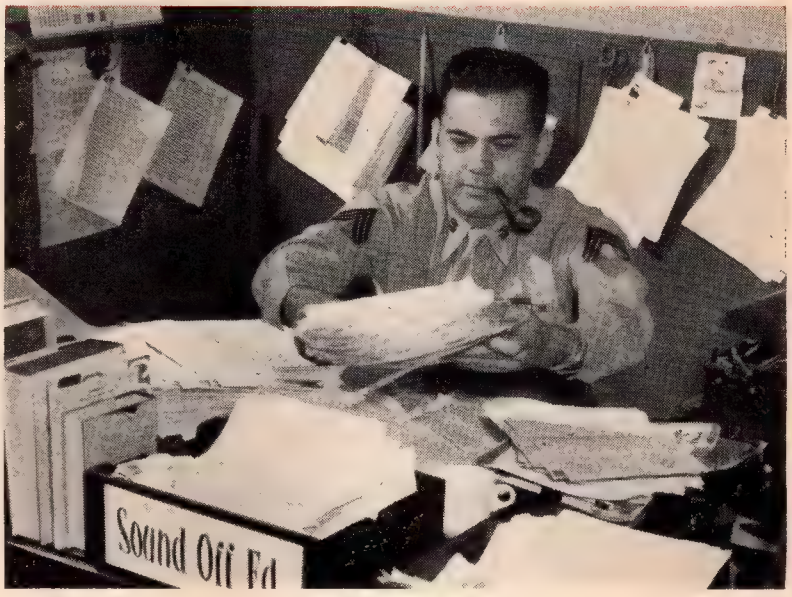
Name .....

Address .....Vet?.....

Behind the lines...



MSgt. Harry Pugh

THE MAN WITH the answers sits at a big desk. He is the most consulted, least disputed and busiest man on the staff. He receives more mail and makes more telephone calls than anyone else. He's *Leatherneck's* Sound Off editor, Master Sergeant Harry Pugh.

Although space limitations make it impossible for us to print the thousands of letters which come in, Harry answers each query personally by mail and has a reputation for passing out the straightest scoop in the Corps. It's true that our Sound Off editors have always been walking encyclopedias of lore, bulletins, memorandums and latest directives, but when the question is a stickler the highest authorities are consulted. When two authorities come up with conflicting answers to the same question Harry meets the crisis with perfect aplomb—he consults a few more dependable sources and tries to effect an overall agreement. Indirectly, he is responsible for the clarification of many points which might well have remained vague for a long time.

Harry is an intense individual; he plunges into his Sound Off chore with the verve of a boot at his first bayonet drill. No request for information is passed over lightly and no letter goes unanswered. All of which makes the Sergeant a very busy man. But he's not too busy to pursue his one hobby. He's a numismatist, he collects coins. Shiny two-cent pieces and half dimes bring a wistful glow to Harry's eyes. For a really fast answer to your Sound Off letter, enclose a 1776 penny. . . .

And, speaking of coin, Sgt. Pugh has been fondling a recent newspaper clipping. Seems a wealthy old Englishman died, leaving 600,000 pounds to two daughters—only if they succeed in marrying two gentlemen who have the same family name. It's Pugh!

And, still on the subject of money, last month we printed the final list of bondholders who had not claimed their bonds at Headquarters Marine Corps. In the seven months during which we ran lists, the Savings Unit has returned 714 bonds valued at $26,875 to their owners.

Of course, there's always a subject more interesting than hard, cold cash; feminine pulchritude has held its own for centuries. When gals from around the globe congregated to compete for the top glamour title we thought our readers would like to know about it. Snapshots of these international queens start on page 34. Use the Miss Universe story as a guide when you choose your next duty station. . . .

Now, here's a request we've been wanting to make for a long time. We'd like to hear from readers about the magazine—what they like and what they don't like—what they'd like included in its contents and what they'd like eliminated. Ninety-five percent of our Sound Off letters ask for information which we're more than happy to provide, but we'd also appreciate letters of comment, criticism and suggestion. When you've got a few spare minutes, pick up a pencil and jot us a line. . . .

Karl A Schmoe

Managing Editor

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 9*]

when we can hope to be discharged.

SSgt. P. R. Hesperne Jr., USMCR
Sgt. W. J. Francis Jr., USMCR
New Orleans, La.

● *A change recently approved by the Secretary of the Navy to Paragraph 10354.1, Marine Corps Manual, will, when published, authorize the discharge of any enlisted member of the Marine Corps Reserve not on active duty, at his own request, who has completed at least three years on his current enlistment, including extensions thereof, and who has no period of obligated service remaining under Section 4(d), of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, as amended.*

Since you signed up in the Marine Corps Reserve prior to 19 June, 1951, it appears that you have no obligated service pursuant to law. Therefore, you should be eligible for discharge as soon as the aforementioned regulation is published.—Ed.

OLD TIMER

Dear Sir:

The photograph on page 58 of the June, 1954, *Leatherneck* reminded me so much of the days gone by that I couldn't resist going through my memoirs to find the enclosed picture of myself in a like situation as the Marines in the recent picture.

This picture was snapped while I was field stripping and assembling the Browning Automatic Rifle at Camp Haitien, Haiti, on August 27, 1925. I broke no record that day, my time for this feat was 56 seconds. I don't remember now who it was that beat my time, but as I recall, he made it in 48 seconds. He was a "whizz"; working ambidexterously, parts virtually fell out of the piece and fell together again. The contest was a one-man-at-a-time affair which allowed all contestants to watch the others. This was 29 years ago.

I cherish the memories of my time in the Corps, have never regretted having

"I'm tired of laughing at your corny jokes. Besides, I'm getting discharged tomorrow!"

Leatherneck Magazine

TURN PAGE

CORPS QUIZ

1. ———, *one of the Corps' most colorful characters and a top mortarman, died a few years ago.*
   (a) "Mickey" Finn
   (b) Lou Diamond
   (c) John Quick

2. ——— *is fire delivered in certain areas or routes to prevent or hinder their use.*
   (a) FPL
   (b) Defile
   (c) Interdiction

3. ——— *is the oldest Marine Corps installation in use.*
   (a) Quantico
   (b) MB, 8th & Eye, Washington, D. C.
   (c) Parris Island

4. ——— *is one of the Hollywood stars who served in the Marines in WW II.*
   (a) Jimmy Stewart
   (b) Tyrone Power
   (c) Robert Taylor

5. ——— *manufactures the F2H-3 Banshee for the Navy and Marine Corps.*
   (a) Convair
   (b) McDonnell
   (c) North American

6. *When wearing forest greens Women Marines must be sure that their* ——— *harmonizes with their cap cord.*
   (a) hair
   (b) lipstick and nail polish
   (c) rouge

7. ——— *is the measure of angular distance in degrees, minutes and seconds north or south of the equator.*
   (a) Latitude
   (b) Prime meridian
   (c) Longitude

8. *The USS* ——— *was the Navy's first aircraft carrier.*
   (a) Langley
   (b) Ranger
   (c) Yorktown

9. *MCM is the abbreviation often used in referring to* ———.
   (a) Marine Corps Memorandums
   (b) the Marine Corps Manual
   (c) the Marine Corps Mission

10. ——— *was one of the major reasons for discontinuing the Sam Browne belt and leather boots as part of the officer uniform.*
    (a) Expense
    (b) A leather shortage
    (c) Unpopularity

See answers on page 14. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair, 40 to 60 Good, 70 to 80 Excellent, 90 to 100 Outstanding.

spent four years with the Corps and have never lost complete contact with men whom I met in the Corps, and have kept in contact with Esprit de Corps through years of membership in the Marine Corps League.

Friends of my years in the Corps please contact me for old times' sake.

Semper Fidelis
Martin L. Fried
43 Henry Street,
Passaic, N. J.

● *We are pleased to publish your picture and letter, Mr. Fried.—Ed.*

CORPS QUIZ

Dear Sir:

In your July issue, under "Corps Quiz," you made an error on the answer to question #5.

The correct answer should be, 5 (a) entitled "What Price Glory."

I am sure about this because I was shot through the face in "Belleau Wood," and the fictional characters of Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt were taken from a true story of World War I, and the feud between two men who served in the 2nd Battalion, 55th Company, Fifth Regiment, USMC, A.E.F., commanded by a great and highly respected officer, Lieutenant Colonel (Dopey) Wise.

Leland E. Douthit
U.S. Customs Service
Hidalgo, Texas

● *You are correct, Mr. Douthit. We goofed.—Ed.*

OVERDOING IT

Dear Sir:

I write in regard to the poor quality of the utility clothing that is being issued to troops in Korea.

It is not unusual to have several buttons drop off the utility clothing during the first wearing. Some of the buttons are offset as much as an inch from the button holes.

Also, the trouser pockets are frequently found to be folded over and sewn to the leg seam.

This not only reveals the poorest of workmanship, but also a lack of inspection.

I know that the Marine Corps doesn't spend as much on the individual as the Army or Navy does, but isn't this overdoing it?

MSgt. G. C. Fletcher
1stKMG Brigade,
Advisory Group,
1st Marine Division, FMF, Pac
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

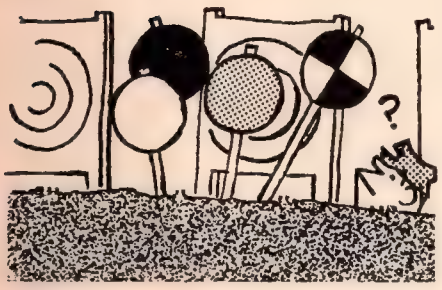
● *We forwarded your letter to the Permanent Uniform Board, HQMC, for review, Sergeant.—Ed.*

ERROR

Dear Sir:

I am sure you have received a great deal of letters regarding the statement in the August issue (Sound Off) column where you said you had no knowledge of an M-1 course with a "possible" of 340. I'm holding a rifle range scorebook in my hand so I know that I am right. In the early Spring of 1945, at Parris Island, we fired for a possible 340, thusly:

200 yds slow fire	
4 shots offhand	**20**
4 shots kneeling	**20**
4 shots sitting	**20**
200 yds rapid fire	
16 shots kneeling	**80**
16 shots sitting	**80**
300 yds rapid fire	
16 shots prone	**80**
500 yds slow fire	
8 shots prone	**40**
Total possible	**340**



I'm sure Marksman was 268; Sharpshooter 290 or 292; and Expert was about 310.

I re-fired at Camp Lejeune rifle range in the Spring of 1946 and the same possible prevailed.

Elmer Narcisi
1200 Lincoln Avenue
Chicago Heights, Ill.

● *You are right, Mr. Narcisi, with one exception; Sharpshooter was 292 and Expert was 306 under the old A-M1 course. The qualification requirements for the old B-M1 course were: Expert rifleman 270; Sharpshooter 258; and Marksman 237. There never was a "B" course for the Carbine.*

The old A-M1 Course, originated in 1941, was in effect until December 20, 1948, when the present course was prescribed.—Ed.

GRATUITY

Dear Sir:

I am a recipient of the Silver Star Medal. According to Marine Corps Manual Volume I, Paragraph 20053.2,

TURN PAGE

This gleaming Zippo has a handsome engine-turned design on heavy chrome. A lifetime gift! Ask to see it!

How proud he'll be of the ZIPPO he gets from you!

He'll show it a little shyly, a little proudly.

"Yep.... From my son in the Service.... Picked a real Zippo, too!"

Dad will treasure his Zippo from the first, because it came from you. Soon it will become a faithful, trusted companion, doubly cherished because of the sure and easy way it lights, indoors and out.

You can be proud to give Dad a lighter so superbly built that it is honestly guaranteed to work forever. If a Zippo ever fails to light perfectly, we quickly fix it free. No one has ever paid us a cent to repair a Zippo.

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Member of Marine Corps Fathers Ass'n.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

a gratuity of $2 a month from the date of the distinguished act is authorized for all enlisted holders of the Navy Silver Star Medal while on active duty.

Is this gratuity still authorized? If so, I haven't been receiving it in my pay.

Corp. Billie R. Troutman
"A" Co., 1stBn., 8th Marines
Second Marine Division, FMF
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *The two dollars a month gratuity authorized for certain military decorations was discontinued by the "Career Compensation Act of 1949." Chapter 20 of the Marine Corps Manual is being revised and the reference to the two dollars a month gratuity for certain decorations will be deleted.—Ed.*

RESERVE INTEGRATION

Dear Sir:

A major consideration confronting Reservists on extended active duty who wish to become USMC Regulars is the present integration policy. A problem facing several three-striper sergeants at this detachment is fictionized as follows:

"Sergeant Smith is a Reserve on EAD. He takes the promotion test for staff sergeant and passes. Six months later, a Marine Corps Special Order comes out with a list of the newly-appointed staff sergeants. This Special Order arrives at Sergeant Smith's organization on March 10, 1954, with instructions that no promotions will be effected before March 25, 1954. If Sgt. Smith integrated as a sergeant prior to March 25, 1954, could he then subsequently be promoted to staff sergeant on or after March 25, 1954, under this Special Order?"

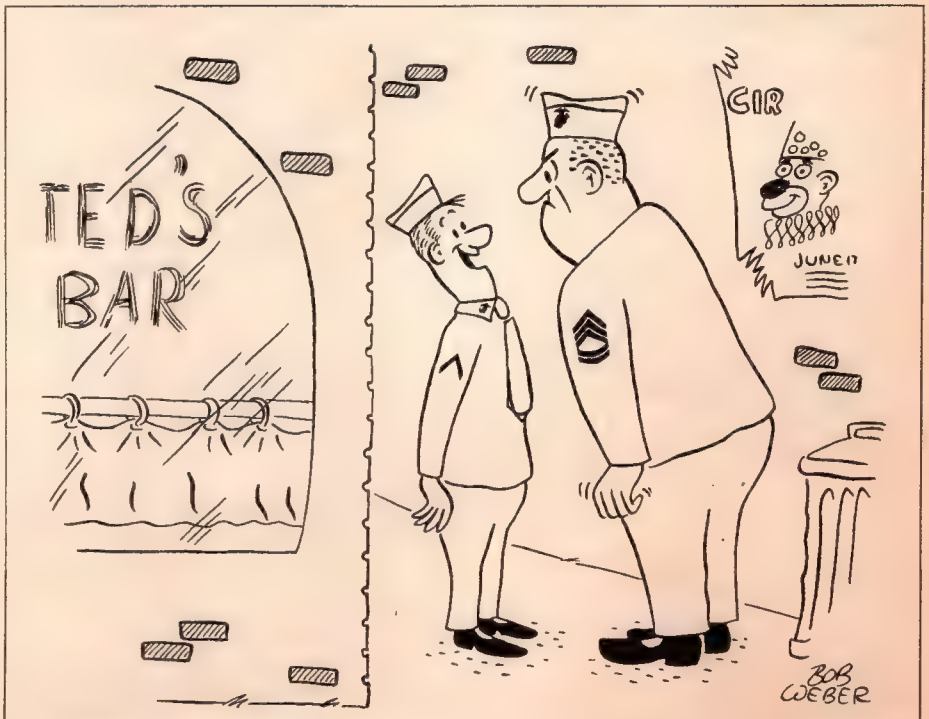
Sgt. H. W. Hale, USMCR
Sgt. A. C. De Mee, USMCR
Sgt. H. J. Farner, USMCR
Sgt. J. M. Lynch, USMCR
Marine Air Reserve Training Detachment, MARTC, NAS, Niagara Falls, New York

● *The answer to your question is yes, provided the Marine was reappointed to the same rank and it his reenlistment, or assignment to active duty, occurred prior to the expiration of the authority of the special order. Exceptions should be referred to the Commandant of the Marine Corps for decision.—Ed.*

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 12

1. (b); 2. (c); 3. (b); 4. (b); 5. (b); 6. (b); 7. (a); 8. (a); 9. (b); 10. (b).



"I certainly appreciate your coming outside to repeat that. With all that noise in there I couldn't hear a word you were saying."

Leatherneck Magazine

The Old Gunny Says...

"WELL, men, the shootin' war in Korea has been over for some time now. We've pulled in our horns out there and the fightin' troops are getting back to spit and polish, troop and stomp—and standin' by for inspection. Now there's nothing wrong with all this peacetime routine as long as we don't forget that our main business is being ready to fight—if necessary.

"Being ready to fight means knowing lots of tricks and angles of the trade which combat experienced troops know about but which are often forgotten during the quiet years. Many outfits in Korea had to learn all over again things which had been learned the hard way during the Pacific war. So I'm going to give you some dope from time to time on things that were learned in Korea that we shouldn't forget about.

"Also remember that although many Marines served in Korea, they had a big variety of individual experiences because that war went through several distinct and different types of combat. Some Marines experienced one type of fighting and some experienced another type. We'll try and talk about the combat lessons all of us should remember, regardless of what stage of the war we saw."

* * *

"One of the first and most important things we re-learned in Korea was that all ranks in a fightin' outfit must be in top physical condition before the battle starts. Nobody is going to do much efficient operating in the field if he's tired and worn out. Climbing up hills in the attack or diggin' in for the defense requires hard muscles. The only way Marines of any age or rank can be fit for combat is to work hard, train hard, exercise and have healthy habits. It's too late to start after you're aboard the transport.

"Men who aren't fit, tire easily. And fatigue goes hand-in-hand with nervousness and fear.

"Being physically fit means proper weight, too. Every fat, broad-beamed man in the Corps should be put on a command diet and a weekly exercise course. 'Lards' don't even look good in combat clothing!"

* * *

"We've seen in two wars now that Americans are not naturally very good at camouflage, concealment and snoopin'. We're lazy, impatient and careless. We walk when we should be down on the deck, belly-cruising. We put our big fat heads over the skyline when we should be silent. We throw cans and papers around our positions when we should be trying to conceal them. We bunch up on hill-tops like sheep and often act like tourists on a sightseeing trip instead of like 'pros' who know that at any moment a careless movement may bring sudden death to us or a buddy.

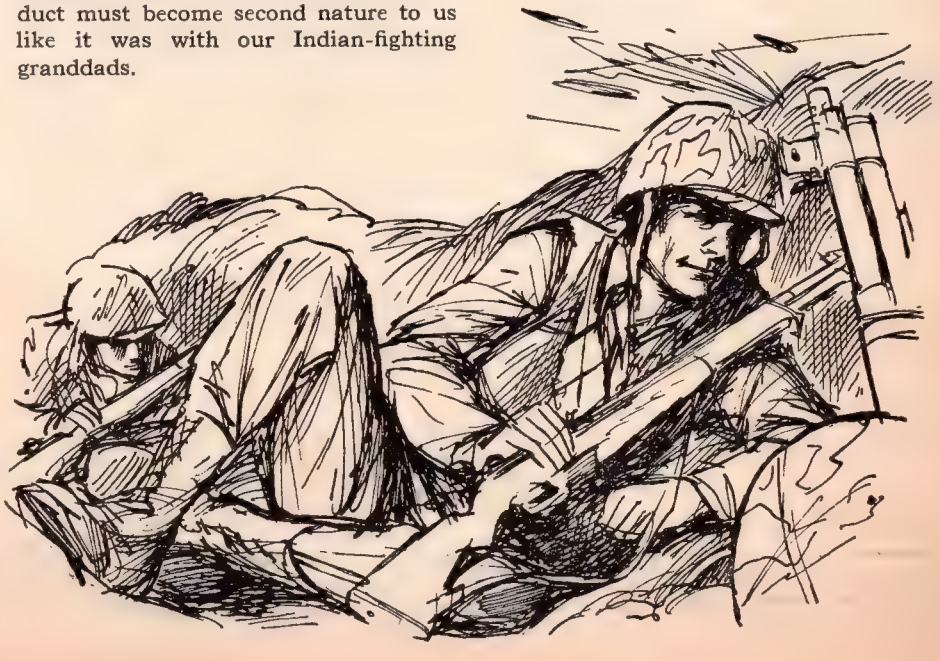
"The only way to lick these stupid habits is by hard realistic and supervised training. Proper individual conduct must become second nature to us like it was with our Indian-fighting granddads.

"We gotta train to crawl silent and fast for many yards, day or night. We have to be able to lie quietly for hours without a cough or move. Riflemen and weapons crews must be able to pick covered and protected positions, run quickly to them, take up the fire-fight, pick an advance position and run straight to it. Not this zig-zag business and stupid habit of dropping to one knee out in the open. When under enemy observation or fire, don't stop running forward until you have a covered or concealed position. Dive into it and start firing. Always look for new and better fire positions!"

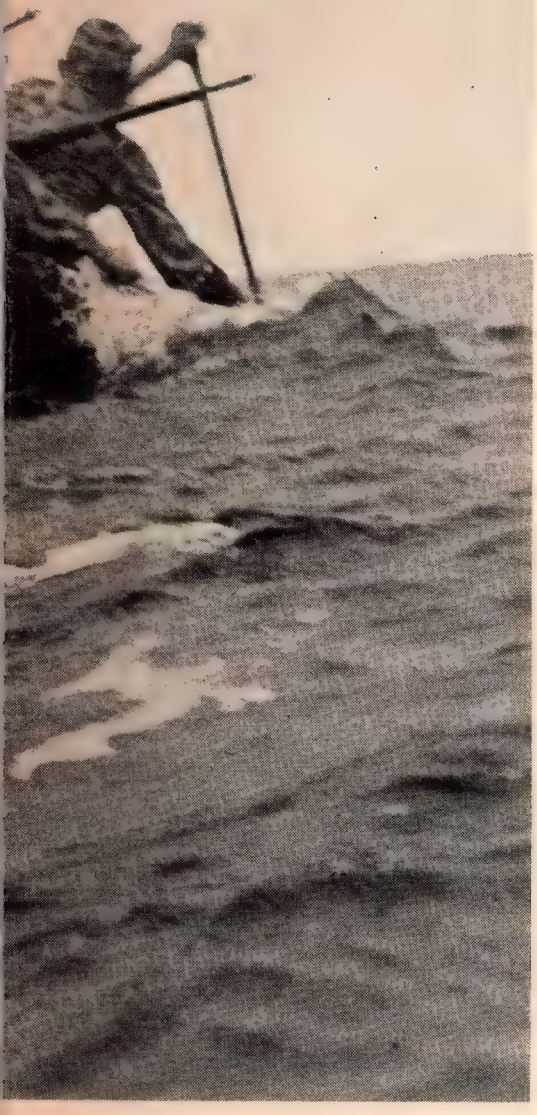
* * *

"Leaders must be careful not to set foolish examples under fire. We've lost many a good officer and NCO who needlessly exposed himself to enemy fire *at the wrong time.* It's hard for a young troop leader to tell just where he should draw the line in physically leading his unit. But most of the time if he concentrates on *controlling* the fire power and the maneuvers of all of his men—he will not be misled into doing the job of a subordinate.

"Leaders who carelessly expose themselves in the hopes of inspiring confidence from their men usually only make the men nervous. Inspire by word, by look and by conduct, but not by trying to be a hero. Humor can help a lot too when there's lots of stuff comin' in. The real leader knows when he will have to actually get up and lead the charge in order to get the outfit movin'. But a good outfit won't require the company commander to do a squad leader's job." **END**



SUBMARINE



by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

NEW DEVELOPMENTS within the Corps may bring a future change in the familiar line ". . . In the air, on land, and sea," with the addition of the phrase "under the sea." Today—with the close cooperation of the United States Navy—Marine Corps amphibious reconnaissance units, capable of landing on enemy-held shores from submarines, have proved to even the most skeptical that they are a valuable asset to the business of waging and preventing war.

Amphibious reconnaissance is not new to the military scene. The earliest records of warfare show that scouts and small parties of marauders have used swimming prowess and small craft to pry into enemy activity. During World War II, raiders, reconnaissance and underwater demolition units utilized the watery approach to the enemy with tremendous success. Post-war military planning showed an apparent need for a highly-specialized unit—one which could become the eyes and ears of the Naval service. The Marine Corps amphibious reconnaissance battalion is the answer to that need, for although many new methods and instruments have been perfected, none can fully replace the physical presence of a trained observer.

The problem of placing that trained observer on enemy shores has become difficult in recent years. Radar, sonar and new sounding devices have given defenders ample warning of an approaching surface craft. Aerial reconnaissance at best, fails to disclose information needed by the boys who labor over the planning tables. It was only natural—and a final resort—that a critical eye was turned to the submarine and the underwater approach.

In 1948 the *USS Perch*—a veteran of World War II underwater action in the Pacific—was refitted and recommissioned as a troop-carrying submarine. Torpedo tubes and forward engines were removed to make space for troop berthing and stowage of gear, and dozens of minor changes were incorporated into the craft. A temporary SOP to govern life aboard the 311-foot sub was written, and the Marines and submarine were ready for their first meeting. But before the Marines could come aboard, many hours of indoctrination were to take place.

Life aboard a submarine can be compared with cramming a combat-loaded company into a squad-sized tent. Space on an underseas craft is at a premium;

TURN PAGE

The whaleboat headed for the USS Perch. To some of the men it meant excitement—their first sub voyage

SAFARI

Aboard the Perch, a Navy officer gave the troops the word about life in the underseas craft. He pointed out that quarters would be close

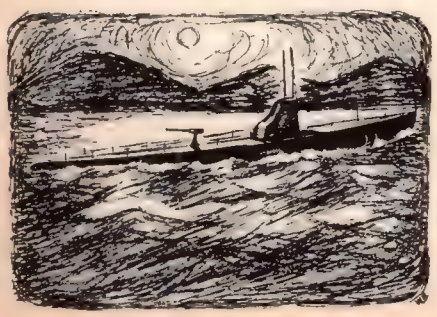
where the troops are continually herded topside on one pretext or another, submarine officers encourage Marines to remain relaxed in their bunks whenever possible. This serves a dual purpose: It's difficult to keep a submerged submarine on an even keel with several tons of passengers shifting their weight from one compartment to another, and in the event of an emergency the crew would be hindered by Marines wandering through the ship. Prior to going aboard the *Perch* with Able Company of the amphib recon battalion, we listened to an indoctrination lecture by one of the sub's officers. "In the event of fire," the solemn lieutenant told us, "you will immediately get into your bunk. That is, of course, unless your bunk is on fire." The lieutenant wasn't smiling, and we didn't ask any silly questions.

Hatches into a submarine measure 25 inches in diameter—and offer a fairly snug fit for even the average man. The combat-loaded Marine and his gear presented a real problem, overcome by a new maneuver for the Marines,

SUBMARINE SAFARI (cont.)

every available inch is utilized. Control valves, gauges, vent controls, levers and switches are everywhere—over, under and in the bunks, heads and in the passageways. One of the first tasks was to teach the Marines to keep hands off the more than 10,000 controls—with emphasis on the dire results which could occur because of unauthorized enthusiasm. Subsequent units have received a similar indoctrination, and to this day, although many Marine underseas passengers have developed bulkhead stares from watching the dials, all have kept hands off the Navy end of the operation.

Each Marine aboard a sub has one small bit of space he can call his own —his bunk. Unlike other Naval craft,



Hatch drill the first day out at sea resulted in the usual number of skinned knees and elbows. Speed is the big essential in this exercise

Recon troops figured a midget designed the submarine heads

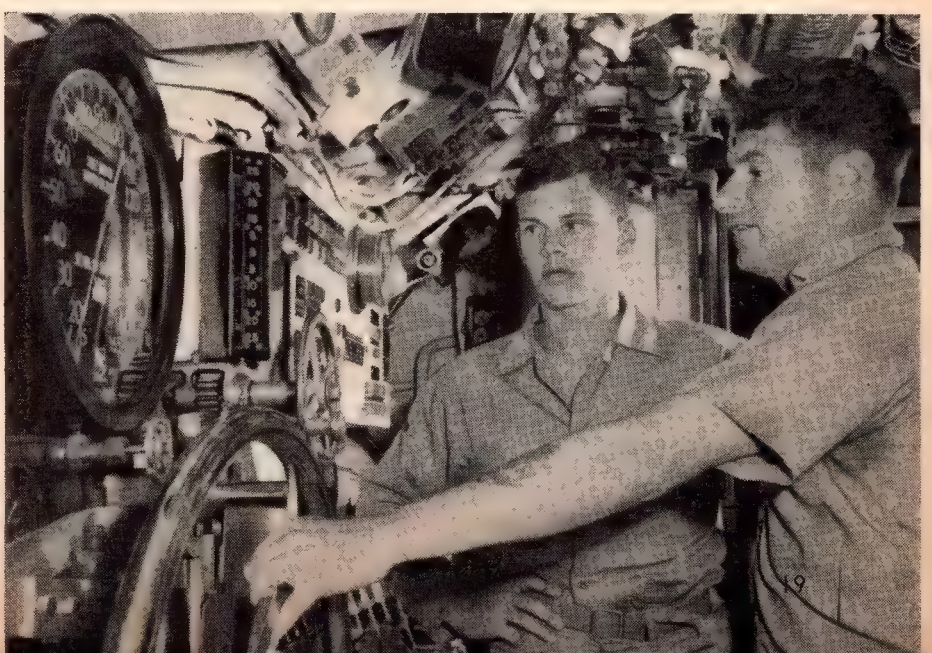
Recreation facilities aboard the Perch were limited. The recon troops sacked out, played cards or kibitzed during much of their off-duty time

dubbed "hatch drill." After a dozen trips up and down the hatches, even the ten percenters learned how to squirm and turn to keep their gear from getting hung up on the ladder or sides of the hatch. Larger weapons—bazookas, mortars and machine guns—were passed into the hatches, and the 10-man rubber boats and paddles necessary for the amphibious reconnaissance were stowed in the superstructure of the sub.

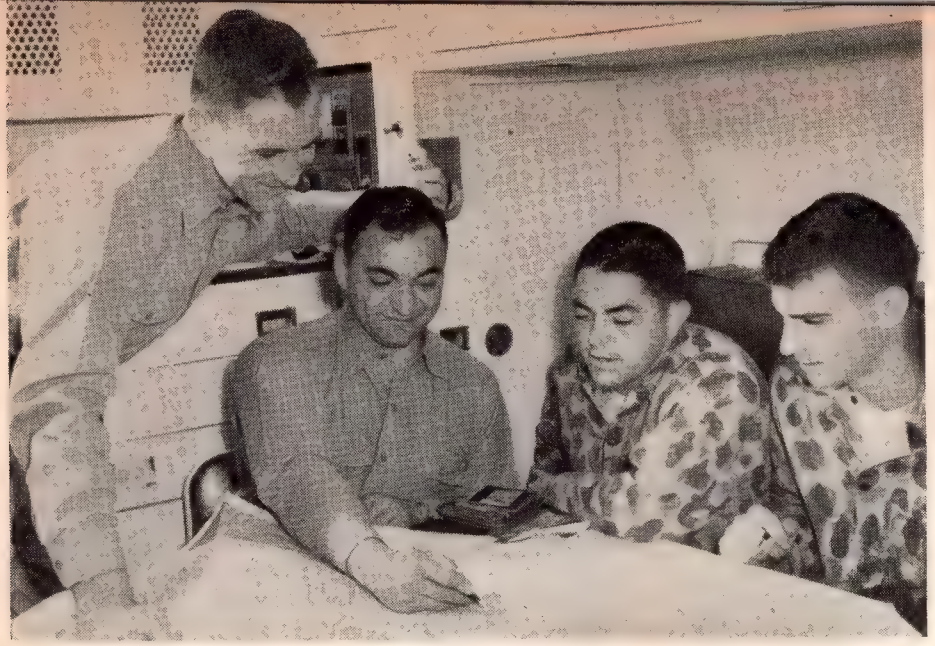
Although life with the dolphin fleet is rugged at times, it has its compensations. For time spent aboard the sub, members of the amphib recon draw full submarine pay, and after an operation, all who desire it are issued a ration of brandy. And in the food department, they really live it up. All hands aboard—crew and Marines alike—are subsisted on submarine rations which, in Marine vernacular, boils down simply to more and better chow. Additional food stowage spaces have been built into the *Perch,* and Chief Commissaryman J. H. Linnell—an old hand with submarine galleys—sets a fine table. In addition to serving three man-sized meals each day, Linnell has coffee available day and night, with doughnuts thrown in for a mid-morning snack. Afternoon routine is broken up by a serving of soup and crackers for all hands. And to get the Marines back in stride after an exercise, Linnell serves his specialty, steak and eggs. Only one thing puzzles Chief Linnell; "Marines always eat more than the crew," he says, "and no one can tell me why."

In January, 1949, the first major West Coast tests of the submarine troop carrier were started. A load of Camp Pendleton troopers were carried out to sea, along with a contingent of medical and submarine technicians. Reactions of the crew under simulated emergency

TURN PAGE



Corp. Bob Anderson watched CPO M. Bouruignon at work



Perch skipper, Lieut. Cdr. Dante Armogida, went over plans with 1st Lieut. Ira LeBlanc and MSgt. Neal King as a sub officer observed

redesignated and expanded as the 1st Amphibious Reconnaissance Company. Several months later, during maneuvers at Adak, Alaska, observers were given a glimpse of the military possibilities resulting from the smooth operation of a Marine-submarine team. The 55-man amphib recon company had been assigned the mission of capturing vital installations at Adak, against a 1000-man defending force, with a maximum of seven days allotted for the maneuver. Two hours after the start of the simulated war, the skipper of the *Perch,* Lieutenant Commander Dante Armogida, eluded a watching Coast Guard craft, slipped into the harbor, and surfaced alongside a dock. Before the startled defending force could fire a mythical shot, the Marine recon had overrun the barracks, headquarters, and air field, capturing the commanding

SUBMARINE SAFARI (cont.)

conditions were noted, and where necessary, changes were made in operational procedure. Doctors on the shakedown cruise kept a close watch on crew and passengers alike, and in a final test, the snorkel-equipped *Perch* ran submerged for 10 days to allow positive checks of air consumption and requirements under actual combat conditions. After returning to the dock, the findings were examined and the test run declared a whopping success.

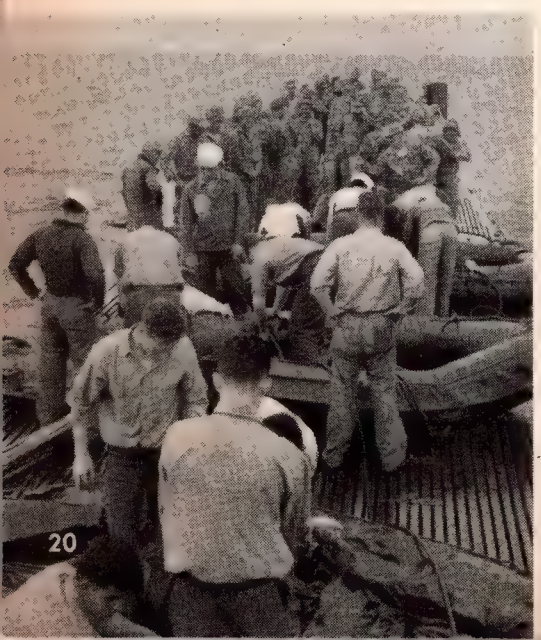
In the Fall of 1949, 107 officers and men of Dog Company, Fifth Marines loaded aboard the *Perch* and headed toward Pearl Harbor and "Operation Miki." During the full-scale maneuver, the Marines operated as a reconnaissance company for the Second Army, and after the referees declared the mythical war at an end early in November, returned to the *Perch* for the voyage home. But even aboard a submarine, Marines don't forget the Corps' birthday. The cooks aboard the *Perch* put their heads and talents together and came up with an enormous birthday cake. In honor of the occasion, the sub skipper dived the ship to a depth of 60 feet for the traditional cake-cutting ceremony—the first time in Marine Corps history that the birthday was celebrated under the sea.

"The party worked out fine," recalls Master Sergeant Neal D. King, now gunnery sergeant of Able Company, 1st Amphibious Reconnaissance Battalion, "except that all the troops couldn't crowd into the mess compartment at the same time. We had to cut the cake and deliver it to them at their bunks."

A large-scale Alaskan maneuver for the Marine-submarine team was cut short by the Korean War in 1950, bringing a temporary halt in the development of new techniques. But in 1953, the Reconnaissance Platoon of Force Troops at Camp Pendleton was

officer of Adak, and were jauntily returning to the *Perch.*

Because only six hours of the allotted seven days had been used by amphib recon to accomplish the mission, the men were told to go out and do it all over again. This time, the *Perch* inched into the harbor through a narrow channel and surfaced to discharge its Marines in rubber boats. Because the defending force was fully alerted for the attack, the Marines took part of the submarine crew ashore with



Navy launching teams inflated the recon troops' rubber craft

Launching was attained simply by submerging the submarine

Crews bailed out their boats when they landed on the beach

Breaking through the surf on the return jaunt to the sub can be dangerous, especially if the sea is rough

them to augment the 55-man attacking force. All objectives were taken again in short order, leaving little doubt in the minds of observers as to the potential striking power of the submarine propelled recon force.

Early in 1954 the amphib recon program took a step forward. The company at Camp Pendleton was redesignated as a battalion, the first such unit in the Marine Corps, and an aggressor platoon assigned to augment its strength. A strenuous and varied training program—including operations from aboard the *Perch*—is now underway. The primary mission of amphib recon has been narrowed down to one concept: to serve as the eyes and ears of the Corps in the role of an intelligence collecting agency. Secondary missions include the capture of enemy personnel, contact of informants, sabotage and raids. Within the amphib recon realm of responsibility lies the gathering of hydrographic, beach, and inland terrain information, in addition to enemy organization, installations and movements. Each man, regardless of rank, is trained toward one end: to be an expert in every phase of his work, and to get back with the information.

Training for the amphib troopers at both Camps Lejeune and Pendleton is a rugged, never-ending process. The Pendleton troopers start each day with a minimum of 30 minutes of calisthenics and a two-mile run. Periods in map reading, scouting and patrolling and other basic Marine subjects are all on the agenda, as well as the specialized amphibious training. Two days each week are spent at Camp Del Mar paddling the 395-pound rubber boats in and out of the surf. Since the surf at times can lift a rubber boat and its crew and toss them around like a sliver of driftwood, it's important that amphib recon men be better-than-average swimmers. Top swimmers are designated as scouts, equipped with face masks and rubber fins, and trained to cover long distances through any kind of sea.

New technique in the comparatively new art of transporting recon patrols in submarines is rapidly taking shape; older methods are being constantly improved. Rubber boat handling and launching has been speeded up to a point where only minutes now elapse from the time the launching signal is given until the boats are in the water. Boat launching teams, composed of men from the submarine crew, unload and inflate the boats on the sub deck while the Marines pour out from the hatches. As the Marines load into their boats, the launching crews go below, hatches are secured, and the sub commander dives his ship, leaving the Marines floating on the drink in their rubber boats. Towing operations have been improved, enabling a submerged sub to tow boats to within easy paddling distance of the shore. Other techniques and communication systems are rapidly enabling the underwater operators to take a firm place in the Marine Corps' plans for the future.

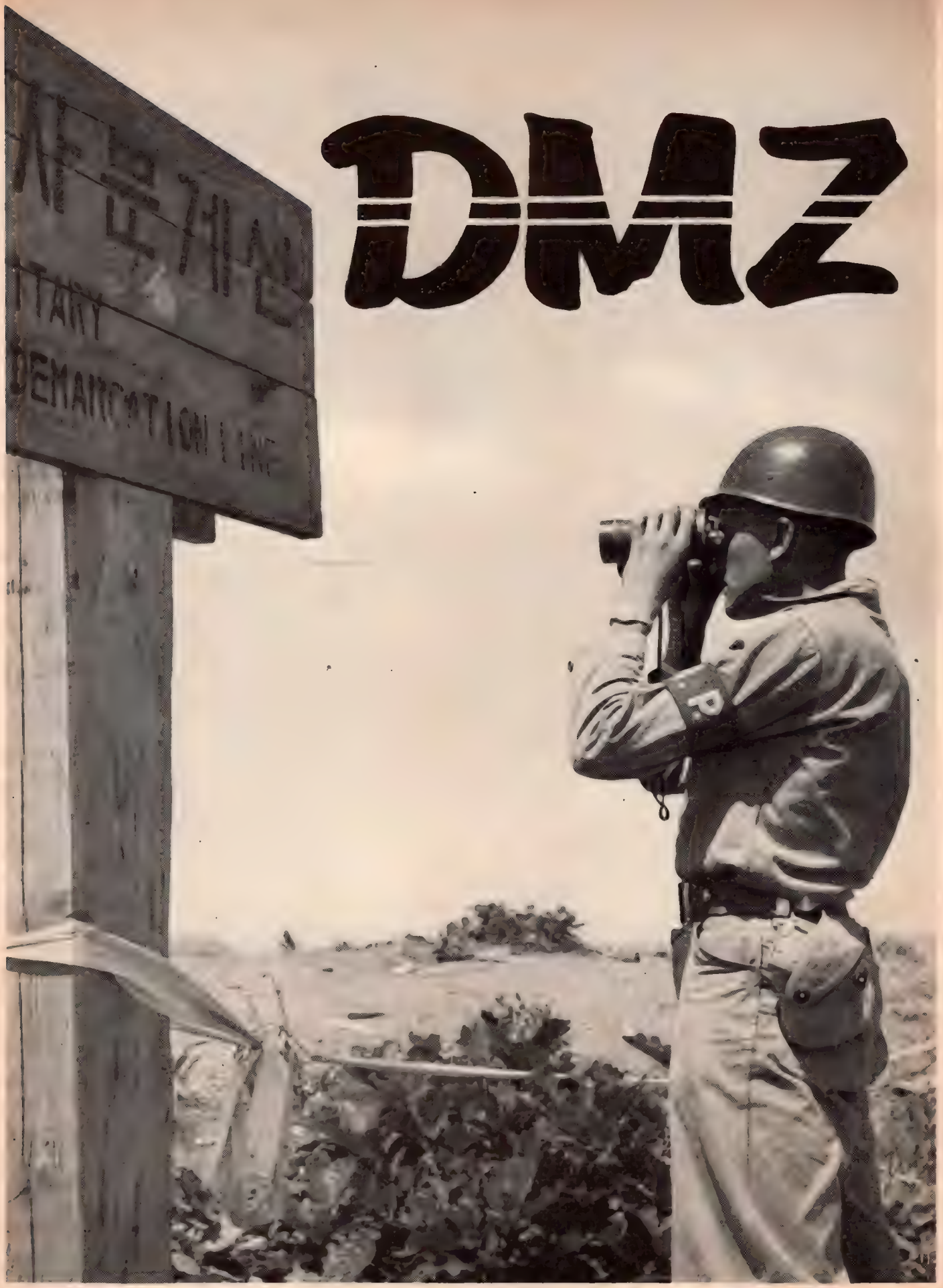
All officers and more than 70 percent of the amphib recon enlisted men are volunteers. The old hands are hoping that in the near future—through men requesting amphib recon duty—they can have a 100 percent volunteer outfit. The morale factor in the unit is no problem; it's as high as we've seen anywhere in recent years. The personal attitude of the submarine rider is one of intense pride in his outfit, and was summed up fairly well by a platoon sergeant who told us:

"We don't have to separate the men from the boys in this outfit, 'cause we haven't got any boys. We just try to find out which are the tallest men."

END

Sailors stood by to deflate the craft as the men came aboard

DMZ



On Hill Boulder City, inside South Korea's barren Demilitarized Zone, an elite unit of First Division MPs faces the godless troops of Mao Tse tung. Its mission: provide security for UN truce teams

MARINES

by MSgt. Paul Sarokin
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
Author and
TSgt. Charles F. Pauling, USMC

THE PRESENT MILITARY demarcation line which divides North Korea from South Korea is roughly the old MLR or point of contact at the time of the cease-fire. Except for a narrow corner at the western corridor, the entire Southern Demilitarized Zone is above the 38th parallel.

For two kilometers, approximately a mile and a quarter, *on each side* of the military demarcation line, and extending across the 155-mile sun-drenched belly of Korea lies the forbidding Demilitarized Zone. No planes are permitted to fly over this no-man's land, nor may any troops other than the special UN police, enter. The digging of fortifications or defensive positions within this barren sector is also prohibited. So that neither side will forget, Swiss neutrality teams prowl each side of the line.

Most of this 155-mile chain, below the demarcation line, is now held by South Koreans who are gradually taking over all the links. Formerly, the line was manned by the forces of many UN nations including Belgium, Thailand, Britain, Turkey and Greece. These troops patrolled only along the *outside* perimeter of their DMZ and rarely ventured inside.

However, the Marines, who are responsible for an important 20-mile sector, are constantly on the alert for violations *inside* their zone. They command the historic invasion route to Seoul—the valley once traveled by the Mongol conquerors, Tamerlane and Genghis Khan.

The average member of the First Provisional Demilitarized Zone Police Company, as that outfit is formally but rarely called, is a savvy six-footer with an above-average GCT. He knows map-reading on an officer level, first-aid, radio, and understands the fine print of the cease-fire agreement like a striped-trouser diplomat. He is

TURN PAGE

UN patrol slogs through creek on its way to Boulder City, scene of the Marines' final action during the Korean War

armed with an M-1 *and* a .45, and is posted on duty ahead of the farthest element of the First Marine Division.

Inside his territory are the Panmunjom Corridor and the hills Boulder City, the Hook, Iwo, Heddy, Marilyn and Kate, once so formidable to the Marines who had to take them.

Within the Communist hammer and sickle control in the *northern* DMZ are: Carson, Reno, Vegas, Bunker Hill, Warsaw, Berlin, E. Berlin, the Yoke, and the legendary fortress of Tae Dok san which once shook with the thunder of Marine heavy artillery.

Beyond these demilitarized zones to the north and south lies a concentration of some of the most heavily fortified bastions on earth. Neither side, apparently, is taking any chance.

The unique assignment of the DMZ Marine brings him close enough to literally touch the red-starred Commie troops of Mao Tse tung. It is a questionable distinction indeed, but one shared by battle-geared U. S. Marines nowhere else on earth.

The twin-pronged mission of these elite DMZ police, as set up by the truce agreement, is to provide escort protection for the UN's Military Armistice Commission, Joint Observer Teams, and the Neutral Nation Supervisory Commission in the southern sector; and to apprehend truce violators.

One of these truce violations is the carrying of automatic weapons or grenades inside the demilitarized zone. If a Marine MP spots a character lurking about with a burp gun or a string of grenades flung across his shoulder, the Marine brings in the armistice violator. What happens if he sees tank-led Red combat divisions rolling toward him, isn't explained.

The "line-crosser" dilemma, with potential international repercussions, is another thorny problem with which the MP must wrestle. How Marines are supposed to know the difference between poor souls begging for UN sanctuary and cleverly masqueraded Red spies seeking crucial military information, isn't covered in the truce either. Korean Marine Corps interpreters, however, prove their value at this point.

All line-crossers get the SOP treatment when nabbed by Marines. The offender is stripped and searched while his hands are placed flat against a tree or wall, keeping him off balance in the best FBI tradition. Anything handy, usually a towel, is used to blindfold the prisoner. Within seconds a cryptic code message is flashed to the CP. A four-man patrol then moves out, paddywagon-wise up spiky pathways to collect its prisoner. At the CP, the line-crosser is grilled by intelligence. Sometimes priority questioning at this point can intercept vital bits of information of immediate value to the UN. After the grilling, the prisoner is hustled off to higher UN echelons.

The average crosser of the formidable

Saturday morning at the DMZ company means having two weapons ready for inspection. Capt. Clark Ashton, CO, inspects .45s and M-1s

Entrance inside DMZ is by permit only. Pfc W. Faidley stops vehicle as Pfc R. Dick checks passes of DMZ patrol

All volunteers for duty with 1st DMZ Police Company are screened by CO, Capt. Clark Ashton, and "Top" Van Alstyne

Bamboo Curtain usually turns out to be an unhappy individual who's fed up with his Communist bosses and is seeking sanctuary on our side. Once, however, a Red soldier went over the hill to the Marines because he had just been slapped on 30-day mess duty by his first sergeant. According to the interpreter, the whole story of a Red risking his neck in a dash through mine-fields toward a new life on our side may be summed up in one word: "Freedom."

The DMZ police net also bagged nine innocuous-looking youngsters, lost while gathering firewood. The oldest was about seven; the youngest, four

TURN PAGE

Average DMZ trooper is trim, six-footer, specially selected for sensitive assignment. He knows UN truce agreement, map-reading on officer level and is first-aid, weapons and radio communication expert

Atop the Hook, barren trenches remain precisely the same as the day when savage fighting ended

Where once stood a hustling city of 75,000, only a shattered bank vault now remains above debris

DMZ MARINES (cont.)

According to the UN rules (there are no provisions for juveniles) they were turned in and marched off the same as any other captured prisoners. All, of course, got home to their frantic mamasans late for their rice that night.

Under rigid UN regulations only 90 Marines are allowed in the zone at one time, and they may remain for not more than 48 hours at a stretch. Each Marine must also have in his possession an I Corps pass, marked SOUTH *OF MDL ONLY* in large red letters. The ticket, good for 30 days, never leaves the DMZ area. When the men go ashore, the passes stay behind—with the first sergeant.

What's it like inside the sombre DMZ?

The Marine-patrolled segment is a weird, unworldly scene—almost like another planet. Over the zone hangs an ominous feeling of loneliness. An occasional chirping of an unfamiliar bird, or the low whisper of the wind are the only sounds that shatter the unearthly quiet. At night this recent battleground is even more eerie, and pure black.

Mementos of the fighting are on all the hills. The hurriedly abandoned war gear lies precisely where it fell when the cease-fire came. On the Hook, crazily strewn about as by the hand of some mad giant, are upturned tanks, smashed bunkers and foxholes. Tangled barbed wire, 105-mm. duds, rusting hand grenades and rockets, skeins of weirdly twisted comm wire, bullet-riddled steel helmets, cartridge belts, field shoes, ammo, and razor-sharp

Hill Iwo, once the scene of furious fighting, now serves as a vital listening post for DMZ Marines. Military demarcation line is several feet below hill. Over mountain in the background is North Korea

fragments of shrapnel are everywhere. Nearby are twisted and torn locomotives.

On Boulder City hill, stacks of bullet-pierced sandbags that once afforded life insurance to Marines, now lie dank and moulding.

Where the hustling city of Chang dang (75,000) once stood, only a bombed-out bank vault which held out like a pill box, remains amid the scattered debris. The rice paddies, once so laboriously tended by Korean hands, are overgrown with waist-high weeds.

Within the zone, unmarked mines, many sown from the air, wait patiently for victims, posing an ever present danger to DMZers. Marines pick their way gingerly along marked lanes outlined by white strips of tape. Lashing rains and winds, however, frequently shift these "safety" guide lines.

On a clear day, from their perch inside the DMZ, Marines can peer across into North Korea. Through their field glasses they have identified a crashed Corsair. Occasionally there is thunderous blasting as Reds dig additional fortifications *beyond* their DMZ lines.

The Red who looms across the line at Boulder City is clad in an untidy olive drab uniform and wears a dungaree-like cap. A bandoleer of ammo is usually strung rakishly across his chest. The rifle, antiquated by Corps standards, usually has an attached bayonet which can fold like a jackknife below the barrel. In addition to his rifle, the Red DMZ trooper also carries a pistol, an idea probably copied from the U. S. Marines. But for some unknown reason the weapon is usually worn on the small of the back. Footgear consists of tennis shoes and dull blue socks. The bedraggled Red presents an unhappy military contrast to the sharp DMZ Marine.

Now and then a Russian jeep pants up the hill at Boulder City. It is totally unlike the American version, resembling a compressed Model-A Ford rather than a military vehicle.

The swagger-stick-twirling Reds are not above trying a little chicanery to see if Marines will step over the line into North Korea. Sometimes they have appeared along the border with attractive Oriental girls—motioning invitingly for Marines to come on over. Lanterns have also been left burning—inside the Red zone—in the hope that Marines would move over the line to pick them up. So far no one from DMZ has fallen for the obvious ruse.

Most dramatic moment since the company's activation in September, 1953, was during the POW exchange. The DMZ Marines were detailed to escort POWs from their barbed wire compounds through loading points, then back to freedom. Since only one DMZer was allotted to protect each group of approximately 500 unarmed POWs, the outnumbered Marines were treading precariously during these tense moments. Although they were prepared for anything during the switch-over, there were no "incidents."

During this particular melodrama Camp Semper Fidelis, as the DMZ men call their area, got its flag. It came as a gift from Corporal John S. Harvey of Libertyville, Ill., the DMZ's S-3.

At the most critical moment of the POW repatriation, a Chinese POW broke loose from the long curling line of prisoners and dashed directly toward Harvey. The onrushing prisoner reached furtively inside his ragged blouse, then withdrew a folded American flag which he had secretly made while in prison. Without a word he pressed it gently into Harvey's hands, flashed a toothy smile, then disappeared in the lines of marching POWs.

"I wasn't quite sure," said Harvey, "just what he was up to. He didn't worry me too much though. I was armed—and he wasn't."

Everybody in the DMZ company holds a unique and responsible billet and knows his job. No one, however, fills a greater one than Cornell-trained Corp. Harvey, who handles S-3 like a true veteran. For a Marine with less than three years in the Corps, that's quite an accomplishment.

From the messmen up to the CO himself, these schooled specialists of DMZ bristle with supreme confidence. It's a brand of confidence born of rugged, unpampered training. Any DMZer will bet you that there are no sharper, better-trained troops anywhere.

During a recent I Corps inter-service troop and stomp competition DMZ swept all honors. For a unit to win this trophy after less than 10 days' preparation is unprecedented and a dis-

TURN PAGE

Strewn crazily about the Hook are rusting grenades, mortar shells, 105-mm duds, ammo, comm wire, and rotting, bullet-riddled sand bags

Camera-shy, bedraggled, Red DMZ trooper presents dingy contrast to snappy DMZers of the First Marine Division

Photo by Corp. John S. Harvey

At Boulder City Hill, a thin strip of white tape (military demarcation line) and a roll of barbed wire separate Red troops from Marines

DMZ MARINES (cont.)

tinct tribute to the brand of training and leadership at the helm of their company.

There is no doubt about their sharpness, according to their aggressive skipper, six-foot Captain Clark Ashton of Omaha, Nebraska to whom international trouble shooting is no novelty. As a member of the Palestine-Jordan UN truce commission, Capt. Ashton once held a similar sensitive assignment. He has also commanded Marines in Africa, Europe, and was CO of the elite ceremonial troops at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., before taking the wheel of the DMZ company.

Ranking enlisted man of DMZ and presider of the paper work is a former captain, First Sergeant John E. Van Alstyne of San Diego, Calif. He denies that he has worn out more seabags than the next senior man has worn out socks, but does admit he's the senior enlisted man with about 17 years service under his belt.

Van's company is made up on the five platoon pattern of about 40 men to each unit. Every platoon rates one officer and one Staff NCO.

Inside DMZ, rusting locomotive stands grotesquely off tracks where it was blasted in last phase of war. Road was used to haul POWs

Platoon leaders of DMZ are Lieutenants Warren S. Karp, Douglas O. Bielenberg, Theodore R. Butz, Herbert M. Gradl and Marvin L. Holen.

The Staff NCOs who help DMZ run smoothly are Technical Sergeant Steve Prnjab and Staff Sergeants Richard Bergeron, Albert E. Frantum, and Jesse S. Gardner.

The DMZ's Camp Semper Fidelis was created in seven days. During the final phase of the truce agreement, the Commanding General of the First Division had to move fast to find a home for his new unit. He pointed his swagger stick to a barren stretch of ground. "I'll return in seven days," he said, "to inspect your new camp."

A week later it was ready for inspection.

Corporal John S. Harvey, at left, helps fold flag which was presented to him by Chinese POW during the repatriation

The DMZ camp is apparently a must for visiting VIPs in Korea. Congressmen, admirals and generals include a look-see visit to that area. This keeps the troops hopping and they probably get inspected by more brass than any other unit in Korea. All visitors are impressed with this new breed of international-police-Marine.

When inevitable rotation whittles DMZ company strength below the T/O margin, suitable replacements are a challenge. And any first sergeant who's been in Korea awhile knows better than to try to unload an eightball on Van. DMZers are choosy about their membership, and everybody knows it.

The qualifications for assignment to this select group are outlined in fine detail in DivMemo 96. And here are some of the membership requirements: An applicant must be a volunteer; have proficiency and conduct markings of at least 8 and 4.5; be approximately six feet tall; have a minimum GCT of

Captured line-crosser is interviewed by Korean Marine interpreter, second from left. Capt. Clark Ashton, commanding officer, seated, receives report. Blindfold keeps Red from learning Marine positions

95; have no offenses against him; be able to stand in ranks without the need of wearing glasses. Combat veterans are preferred.

Among their other distinctions these Marines are the only ones to wear the Goich belt—a green-web belt, with a large glistening buckle. It is named in honor of the first CO of the DMZ, Captain Sam Goich. The Marine emblem on each belt buckle is the gift of the Commandant of the Marine Corps. When General Shepherd inspected the new unit recently he suggested that the belts might look sharper with an emblem. Soon after his return to the States, a package postmarked "Washington, D. C.," arrived in Korea with the emblems.

The made-in-Japan Goich belt has become a symbol of the DMZers. Since each man purchases his own belt for about $1.75 he can pack it in his seabag when he leaves Korea. At the first convention of the DMZ unit slated for Chicago, Ill., in 1956, all hands will undoubtedly break out their unique Goich belts for the special occasion.

After a tiring day of tromping inside the buffer zone, DMZ Marines seek recreation and diversion in their stepped-up athletic program or their newly constructed gin-mill, complete with fire-place and neon-like wall paper scrounged from Japan. The 'chute is the social high mark of Camp Semper Fidelis. To indicate the hours when it is open for business, a red bulb, hanging under the archway and visible throughout the entire camp, is switched on.

There's nothing modest about DMZers, either; the sign in front of their mess hall reflects their spirit: "The finest men deserve the finest chow. We serve the best." Presumably the word best refers to *both* the men and the chow.

And speaking of entertainment, DMZers are unusual in that respect, too. The company, complains one of the less musical members, probably has more guitar-strummers with music in their souls than any company in the Corps. Most everyone in the camp has a repertoire of strident hillbilly tunes.

If you issued each DMZ Marine a guitar, most of them could start playing right off—and the rest would learn fast. One of the men sounds so much like Tex Ritter that new-comers ask, "Where's the USO show?"

Duty in the Demilitarized Zone is quiet and routine—now! But if the Reds and all hell break loose again, each DMZ Marine knows he'll be in an unenviable spot. Casualties will run high, yet he's there because he wants to be. And curiously enough, if you ask him, he'll tell you he wouldn't be any other place—in Korea.

END

A MARINE IN Morocco

تقرير عن سير الأعمال

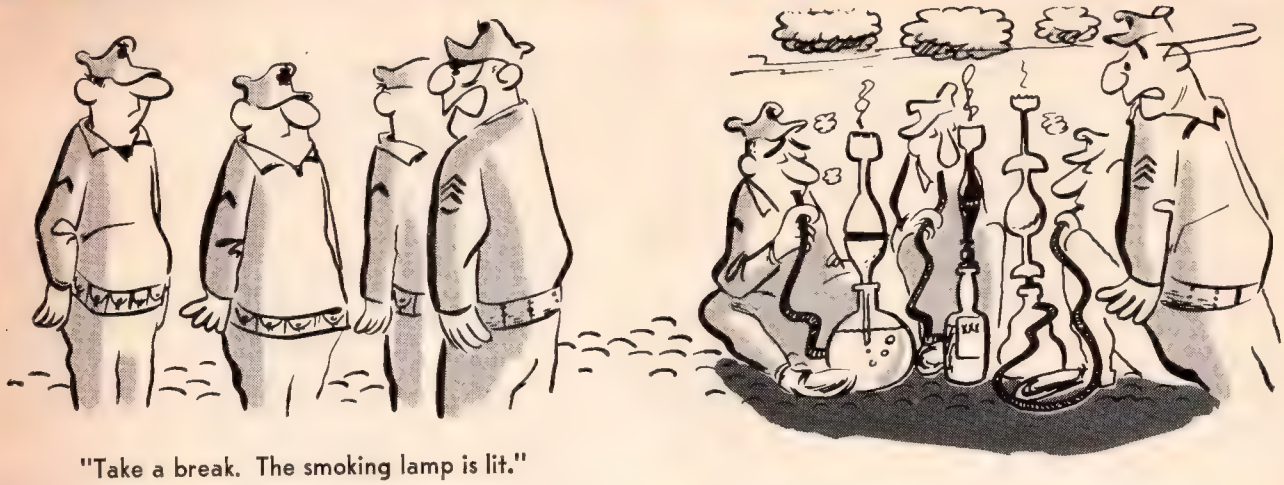
by BRISTOW

بنسر بريسطو

"Mysterious Morocco" loses some of its mystery when the Marines take over.

These cartoons are the result of months of on the spot research, a vast expenditure of francs, and the imperiled lives of many Marines, Arabs, innocent civilians and the artist.

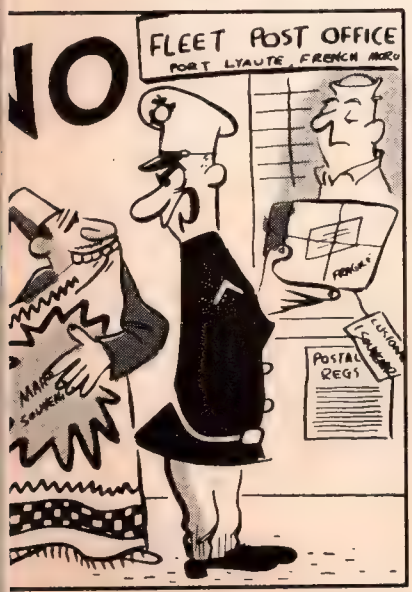
"Keep a sharp lookout here, men. The Marines may try to sneak by you."



"Take a break. The smoking lamp is lit."

"It's part of their religion. They believe the camera is an 'evil eye'."

"All right! All right! I'll take a shine! Just so you li'l fellers don't fight among yourselves!"



TURN PAGE 31

"Don't go inside, Mac! I just seen a bunch of them tough legionnaires!"

"Don't go outside, Pierre! I spotted some of those terrible American Marines!"

"Just think! A real African souvenir to send home to my girl!"

"You're in charge—pick th' winner."

This copy of Leatherneck is missing pages 33 - 41,

Sorry Mac

Not only were the armies deployed in an effective manner but the details of camp housekeeping were carefully attended. Tiny mounted couriers were always at the disposal of the staff, an abatis of match sticks defended the strong points and the red-wheeled wagons of the field kitchens were always in good contact with the troops.

I came home one evening after proving that a fire at a furrier's wasn't exactly an accident when I saw that the batteries placed in support of the French were in flank and the cavalry had been withdrawn to reserve. Unorthodox, but the French could simply riddle the Prussians by enfilade.

I didn't remember moving those guns in flank. Of course, I could have moved them without thinking, but I'm not the sort of person who makes any move without thinking. It was curious. In fact, odd.

Could it have been the release of latent potentialities occasioned by the thought of moving armies—the mental prowess of a man unchained by the thought of consequence? Or the recurrence of the characteristics of some remote ancestor; the calling forth of the talents of a forgotten forebear, a mercenary captain of Hessians long moldering in a Silesian plain?

Then I had the same feeling I had at the furrier's. I can't define it but sometimes you know something against all reason. There are times when you investigate a claim and the accident seems purely accidental and the amount is all right and the insurable interest is there—but still.

I had the same sense of unease a good mechanic has upon hearing the first faint murmurs of a coming breakdown in the sound of an engine.

I had a consciousness that I wasn't the only one moving the soldiers.

Such a notion was certainly contrary to all the evidence. I lived alone and the only person who had access to my home was an old cleaning woman who hadn't been interested in soldiers for a long, long time.

Of course, there was the possibility that I'd been hitting the old jug pretty hard so I decided to try maneuvering in cold blood. But I couldn't get any place. I couldn't save the Prussians from the French guns without yielding the position. In fact I couldn't make a move without assistance from the old familiar juice. I went to bed and left the Prussians to their fate.

When I awoke the next morning the thing had been solved for me. A company of Prussian Jaegers were in the rear of the French guns and made the artillery position untenable.

I went to the sideboard and had a nip and tried to figure out who the other mini-militarist was. It would have, of course, been possible to enter the house while I was at work but why would anybody pull such a fool trick? As far as I knew, the cleaning woman was the only person who even knew I had these soldiers. I never had company. I'd taken care of that years ago. Direct insults and so forth.

I checked the lawn and the windows and doors; no marks, no foot prints.

I tried to maneuver that night but couldn't make a move. Didn't move a man or gun. What I did do was cover the floor of the troop room with a thin coating of flour.

First thing next morning I dashed into the troop room. No foot prints, but the French light infantry had come up behind the Jaegers.

That night I did what I should have done in the first place. When my bed time came I turned out all the lights, took a jug, sat in the troop room and waited.

It was dreary and uncomfortable sitting there in the dark. Couldn't read, couldn't smoke, just sit and take an occasional belt at the jug.

Along about the fourth or fifth nip I thought I heard a faint scraping. I peered about but couldn't see a thing. Nothing silhouetted against the moonlight in the big window back of the troop platform. Still the scraping, so faint I wasn't certain I heard it at all.

It seemed to come from the village of Eisenberg where the French were quartered. Then I saw a flash, heard a faint pattering, the sound of faraway shouting, "*Qui vive,*" a drumming from the *Gaust Haus*. A tinkle, a jingle and a clatter.

The tiny drummers were pounding furiously and the red-caped horse guards were galloping toward the bridge over the Saale to the aid of a half-dozen of the line infantry who were being sabred by the fur-capped Prussian hussars.

The hussars dismounted and began firing their carbines at the French jammed up on the bridge, and horse and man toppled into the water, splashing and shouting. A French field piece clattered up, the gunners un-limbered, swung their gun around, dropped the tailpiece and fired across the stream into the hussars. They were good, those gunners. They scarcely rammed their charges home before flame flashed from the muzzle and more guns were coming down the Hauptstrasse on the gallop.

The hussars knew when they had enough. They mounted and wheeled and galloped away. Some saddles were empty.

The French weren't going to let it go at that though. The big bay horses of their heavy cuirassiers were pounding

MY ONLY REASON to think you will believe this is that I'm not the sort of person who tells stories. I don't like stories. I like facts. I dig for facts ten hours a day and when I'm not digging for them I'm thinking about them. Of course, now I have something else to think about.

I'm an insurance claim man, been in the field for twenty years—ever since I was eighteen. But I've always wanted to be a Marine. I could never be a Marine for reasons which are none of your business, but that's what I wanted to be.

When I was a kid I used to like to go through the history books, especially the ones illustrated with paintings by Meissonier. You know, the ones with Napoleon watching a charge of heavy cavalry at Friedland, "The Sunken Road at Waterloo," "The Prussian Grenadiers at Hohenfriedberg."

I suppose the psychologists would call it "compensation" but I became a mini-militarist. That is I began to collect toy soldiers.

Not just any kind of toy soldiers, Eighteenth Century stuff. That's the favorite century of mini-militarists. There's more scope and color.

I bought blue-coated grenadiers with bear-skin hats and line infantry with green coatees and shakos. Then I got a couple of squadrons of cavalry; cuirassiers with silver breast plates, *chasseurs a cheval* with red capes, hussars and dragoons. Then I went into artillery. Artillery's expensive. A light battery with four horses runs about twenty-five bucks. Soon I found I had a fair representation of Napoleon's army. All to the scale of 3/8 inch to the foot and correct to the last button on the spatter dashes.

When I have a hobby I can ride it to death because nobody lives with me—nobody wants to. So I began collecting a Prussian army to complement the French one. Soon I had five hundred men; horse, foot and gun.

They crowded the mantels and bookcases and covered my desk until I didn't even have room for an ash tray. I built a platform for them. No point in buying five hundred dollars worth of army and stowing it away. Besides I could re-enact battles and campaigns on the platform. I built the platform, bought red-roofed cottages, and public buildings, and cattle for the fields, and milk maids and linden trees—all to scale. There were two villages, Bad Sulza and Eisenberg, with the Saale river (with real water) running between them.

Mini-militarists are a social lot among themselves. They have battles and maneuvers together but I didn't even associate with mini-militarists. I maneuvered the troops myself.

I based the Prussians at Bad Sulza and the French at Eisenberg. Put out pickets and forage parties and work details. The thing had me in its grip. As soon as I had my dinner I'd take a jug and go into the troop room and begin. I wouldn't quit until bed time and the last maneuver of the evening always seemed to coincide with the last jolt in the jug.

I developed a better tactical sense all the time. War was becoming second nature to me; I could act without deliberation or even remembrance of what I had done. In fact when I arose in the morning I was often amazed at the excellence of the troop dispositions of the night before.

TURN PAGE

by Lester Sullivan

Illustration by
Sgt. Charles Beveridge
Leatherneck Staff Artist

down the street with their riders standing in the stirrups waving their swords, long black horse hair plumes waving behind. A yellow coated bugler on a white horse could hardly be heard above the shout, *"Pour l'attaque chargez!"*

They bolted over the bridge after the fleeing hussars, crashed into them and through them, trampling them under and cutting them down as red jacket after red jacket was knocked from the saddle and their light ponies overborne. The French had it all their own way until the hussars fled behind a long blue line of infantry that had double-timed out of Bad Sulza at left shoulder arms. A slouchy officer in a cocked hat rode in front, the non-coms dressed the line and the front rank fell to a kneeling position.

The French heavy cavalry hesitated and milled about, disorganized by their charge, then galloped toward the Prussian infantry. The muskets crashed and amid the smoke a second volley rang out. The cavalry fell back in good order as the French artillery clattered over the Saale Bridge, the riders flaying their teams. A caisson wheel came off in the center of the bridge—unhitch, push the cart into the water, shoulder the gun over, maintain the advance!

The French line infantry followed, a long green undulating column trotting over the bridge. A shako fell to the ground, a soldier scooped it up and passed it to its owner who jammed it on without breaking stride. The French infantry debouched along the stream behind their guns, now being unlimbered, and wheeled into line as the retreating cuirassiers passed through the artillerists who cursed them freely as they tugged and pulled at their guns.

The Prussians fell back into a little defile as the first volley of grape whizzed over them and knocked the black eagle flag from its staff.

Then a white-uniformed horseman wearing a black breast plate appeared on a little rise on the French right flank. He seemed no more than a disinterested spectator smoking his pipe which he suddenly took from his mouth and threw into the air. White squadrons of cavalry came into view on the rise behind him and stormed into the intermingled horse, foot and gun at the end of the French line, rolling it up as the French rank and file were jammed together and the attack was cushioned and halted in a welter of flashing swords and glistening bayonets. The German cavalry was determined but the French infantry was stubborn, firing their pieces into the faces of the riders and stabbing at the screaming, rearing horses. They seemed figures in some *Walpurgisnacht* as they struggled amid the glare of a flaming barge floating slowly down the river. The barge bumped gently against the bridge. The bridge blazed and collapsed hissing into the stream.

French detachments in Eisenberg were unable to cross the Saale to the aid of their comrades but ran along the banks of the stream and delivered a ragged cross fire into the white coats who were forced to give ground and retreated over the rise.

Then the field was silent.

The French pontooned the stream and began entrenching, building gun platforms, stacking fascines. Across the field the Prussians were also digging, building and stacking.

There was activity in Eisenberg too.

The grenadier band was tuning up in front of the *Rathaus* when a chausseur came out of the Hotel Kaiserhof with a dozen bottles of red wine. Two of the rear rank bandsmen set their horns on the ground and entered the hotel. Three infantrymen followed them as another came up the Hauptstrasse carrying a goose. Three others carried a pig and a bundle of sticks.

They began improvising a turnspit. One of them clubbed his musket, smashed the balustrade on the Kaiserhof veranda and began to build a fire with the spindles under the turnspit.

Blonde, red-vested girls appeared on the Kaiserhof Balcony. One of the cuirassiers shouted, *"Feuer! Feuer!"* and held out his arms. A girl jumped —he caught her. Her companions jumped with a great billowing of skirts and the other troopers caught them.

A cluster of infantry came down the street rolling a barrel. They set it on end, smashed in the head with their musket butts and dipped in their mess kits. A captain rode down the street, began shouting and gesturing toward the barrel, drew his sword—and was pulled from his horse. The three blondes laughed loudest of all.

There was a sound of scuffling from the Kaiserhof and a major reeled out sword-less and disheveled. Just in time, too, for a red glow seen faintly in the Kaiserhof windows changed to flame and troops came flying out every window and door.

What a time for the Germans to launch an attack! But nothing came from Bad Sulza except the sound of an accordian and the lusty singing of *"Muss I Denn."*

The fire spread to the Rathaus, to the book sellers, to the bakery—in short; the whole damn town.

Nobody tried to stop it either, any more than any of the Jerries tried to stop the fire across the way.

* * *

When the sun rose there was nothing on the platform but ashes. No troops, no horses, no guns, no milk maids . . . just ashes. A five hundred dollar ash pile and no insurance.

Now I collect nothing but English guards regiments. **END**

When Reservists landed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, they were included in all the Barracks activities. The Marine visitors remained aboard two weeks

Many of the battle-famed cruisers of America's largest wartime armada were retired temporarily to the reserve fleet basin at the Philadelphia Naval Base shortly after the end of War II. There they ride in silent readiness

POSTS OF THE CORPS

MARINE BARRACKS, PHILADELPHIA

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
Corp. John Sneddon
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE CRUSTY, OLD, red-bricked buildings of the Marine Barracks at the U. S. Naval Base, Philadelphia, had silently witnessed what some would say was "the course." Since the early 1870s, the buildings have sheltered the Marine guard unit which provides local security for the Navy yard. In addition, they've housed a basic school for officers, maintained a first sergeants' school, and processed Marines through the Philadelphia port of embarkation when the Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Marines sailed for France in the First World War, and again when the tropic-bound troops of the East Coast Expeditionary Forces shoved off to the steaming Banana Wars.

Two months ago, the Marine Corps handed the Barracks a new role. Units of the Organized Reserve have always spent their Summer training with the Fleet Marine Force. Headquarters pondered the plan of ordering a Reserve company to two-weeks duty with an interior guard detachment and voted the idea a tryout. If successful, the plan would become SOP for more units of the Reserve.

Philadelphia was chosen as the pilot establishment; the 20th Special Infantry Company, from Rockford, Ill., was the experimental guinea pig. Rapid mobilization in time of war occurs immediately after the bomb blasting begins. Regulars are grabbed from every post and station to close gaps in FMF organizations. If reservists, pre-trained in the science of guarding the gates, could be activated to duty at shore establishments, more Regulars could report to outfits readying for combat.

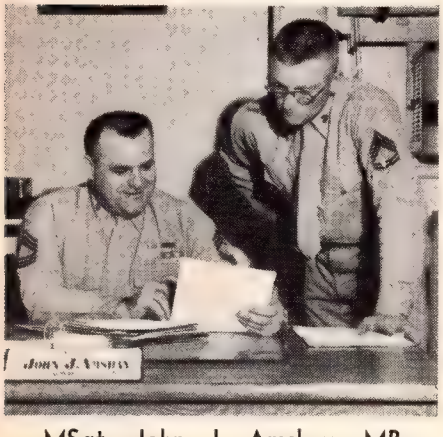
The Rockfords reported to Philly on August 8, got a Cook's tour of the Navy yard, spent the next two days on the rifle range at Lakehurst, N. J., and knuckled to the exacting routine of Barracks duty. Along with their M-1 shooting, the reservists fired a familiarization course with riot guns. It was their first taste of the specialized duty.

The mission of the Marine Barracks differs only slightly from that assigned to numerous posts and stations everywhere. Basically, it's the same; specifically, the Philadelphia Marines are charged with providing local security guards for the Naval Base there and at the Naval Air Station at Johnsville, Pa.; guards for the Naval Receiving Station Brig at the base and administrative support for Marine patients in the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. On guard duty, the reservists stood four-hour watches alongside the Barracks men. Specialists from Rockford—administrative, supply, mess and ordnance personnel—followed suit in their MOS fields.

Three principle guard sections account for most of the 300-plus Marines on duty at the Naval yard. Each platoon admits that it is the elite—each man in it hand picked. Broken down on paper, the 1st Guard Platoon furnishes the Main Gate, Terminal Gate and lesser gate guards; the 2d Platoon guards the brig with the 3d Platoon quartered almost 40 miles away at the Naval air research and development center at Johnsville. Reservists got a

TURN PAGE

A stick is a formidable guard weapon. Col. William Kengla, Barracks CO, instructed the Rockford reservists on its use



MSgt. John J. Amshay, MB sergeant major, explained his administrative routine to TSgt. Earl Olsen, Rockford top kick

MB PHILLY (cont.)

crack at the gates and the brig.

The facilities available at Philadelphia were an important reason for the selection of that spot for a particular "first" in Reserve training. But the appearance and capabilities of the Regulars stationed there could have been a prime factor, also. On duty, they adhere to a strict policy of being firm, fair and formal, demanded by Colonel William A. Kengla, commanding officer of the Barracks. There are times when these three words have the steadying effect of a short prayer. Men of the 1st Platoon who watch the gates can attest to that. Duty is a one day on, one day off basis for the peons; one-on, two-off for sergeants. "Off" days follow a comprehensive training schedule. During the Spring and Fall when the detachment fires the Lakehurst range, it's running guard—one on and stay on.

Broad Street in Philadelphia is one of the longest straight streets anywhere. It stretches for more than 10 miles like a surveyor's plumb line through the geographical heart of a city of 3,000,000 people and stops only when it reaches the Main Gate of the Naval Base sprawled across the southern end. The early morning traffic streaming down the wide drive carries most of the 40,000 persons who come aboard each working day but Marine sentries manning the great black iron gates know that the onrush will sweep along some misguided motorist trying to find his way in or out of town. It's part of their job to weed out any unauthorized car and direct it uptown.

The weeding isn't particularly difficult. All persons and vehicles must be identified with one of the 40-some badges, passes and windshield stickers recognized at the gate; consequently, it's no trouble spotting a car without a base pass. One stranger at the gate was easier to notice when he eased his flivver up to the sentry booth and handed the Marine on watch two-bits. He thought he was at the entrance to the Delaware River Bridge and was paying his toll!

A few years ago, a driver crashed the Main Gate on a ruse that wasn't even clever. He drove up to the gate, was refused admission but granted permission to take a turn and exit through the outgoing lane. After he got inside, he forgot about going out and it took the Marines three days of hard searching to find the car. The culprit had skipped. That only happened once—and the Main Gate guard has eliminated chances of it ever happening again by employing a little device called the "U-turn Procedure."

Nowadays, when a driver with no official business at the Yard ventures too far down Broad Street, the sentry requests him to make a U-turn—in one gate and out the other. First, though, the Marine notifies the Corporal of the Guard and the sentry on the outgoing lane. They draw their .45s, come to raised pistols and fan the slides with their hands. The corporal's position is just far enough inside the gate to allow room for the car to turn. The only way the vehicle could pass would be to run the man down, which hasn't been attempted yet. A .45 pistol in a Marine's hand is an impressive sight.

Errant traffic varies. Six cars in a day are sometimes U-turned. Sometimes, there are none in a week. Whatever the rate, the Main Gate guard, billeted alongside the portals, reports that no one crashes.

Trolley cars of the Philadelphia Transportation Company loop most of the 23.5 acres of the Marine post on regularly scheduled runs throughout the day and terminate their trips at a far corner of the parade ground. The acreage actually belongs to the Marine Corps in black and white and constitutes the oddity of a complete Marine post within a Naval establishment. Terminal Gate, where the trolley line

Ferry boats arriving daily from the New Jersey side of the Delaware River halt at Navy yard landing. Sentries check workers' identification

Rockfords got on-the-job training in MOS fields. MB armorer, SSgt. Bob Bonsall, kibitzed as Corp. John Bosell set headspace on LMG

At the Lakehurst, N. J., rifle range, reservists fired riot guns from hip

halts its run, is also part of the 1st Platoon's domain but most of the year it's a quiet neighborhood. Around Christmas, a few civilian Yard workers anxious to get the jump on the Yule season try to bring their spirits aboard in a bottle, but they're diplomatically convinced it isn't proper.

Rush hour posts spotted around the base perimeter open and close with the flow of workers reporting and quitting their jobs, necessitating 13 extra guards during those hours. Staggered searching of vehicles leaving the Yard at the end of the day helps keep a tight rein on pilfering. A ferry landing turnstile enables sentries on the post to check the boatloads of people which arrive from the Camden, N. J., side of the Delaware. All badges must be worn correctly, and the Marines are sticklers for compliance to regulations. Their impersonal attitude, however, has brought them a lot of respect.

The Naval Receiving Station's brig can guest 180 violators of the Uniform Code of Military Justice; it's large enough to occupy the full attention of the 2d Platoon. Sergeant Rowland Kimble, the brig warden, bosses a crew of stern-talking guards who maintain order in the lock-up. Since no firearms are permitted inside the brig, assistant wardens and guards carry nightsticks. Prison chasers who take out working parties for grass cutting and similar police chores carry carbines. Last year, the Barracks scored 100 percent requalification with the light weapon, a fact prisoners mull more than once if they ever think about fleeing.

Stragglers who overstay leave or liberty sometimes surrender to the Marine recruiters in Philly. Sometimes they're apprehended. Invariably, they're delivered to Master Sergeant John J. Amshay's desk. He's the Marine Barracks Sergeant Major. First offenders are usually given a set of orders to report to their duty station. Bad ones—Amshay calls them "champions"—are brigged there and their service record books transferred to the Marine Barracks. Prisoners awaiting courts martial or serving courts martial sentences account for most of the brig's inhabitants.

Paperwork, even when held to a minimum, is voluminous, when the routine administration of the Barracks is coupled with that pertaining to the discipline (brig), discharge and hospital liaison. Short timers—some with only 24 hours to 30 days service left—returning from overseas get a choice of accepting their discharge at Treasure Island, Calif., or a station nearer their home. Usually, they choose the latter. To the Marine Barracks staff, this means processing an average of four men a day. Since the end of the Korean war, the number of Marine combat casualties has dwindled to 96 patients at the Philadelphia hospital. Sergeant William L. Stange handles the one-man task of coordinating the paperwork, pay and clothing records.

Honor guards for VIPs, plus marching companies for civic affairs, are included in the Barracks' role. Philadelphia, the troops claim, is the "paradingest" city in the world. Requests to furnish neatly turned out Marines to troop down the city's streets are rarely rejected. When the Barracks performed at the *Inquirer*'s Music Festival this year, the newspaper rewarded them with complimentary pasteboards to the Philadelphia Charity Classic Football game between the Eagles and the Detroit Lions. The tickets were more than welcome; Municipal Stadium, where the game was played, is just a short walk from the Barracks. Rockford's reservists also received a block of seats.

While all that remains of the original birthplace of the Corps is a plaque high on a wall of a garage in the wharf district, Philadelphia is proud of its Marine heritage. It's a Marine town and the liberty there is excellent. With the third largest city in the country outside the gate ready to accommodate the whims of the troops, men shove off with the 1630 bugle call and fan out.

TURN PAGE

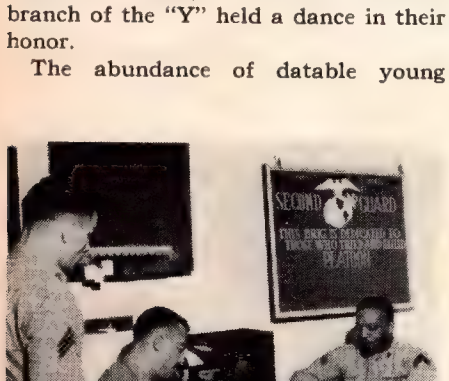
If a car without official business at the yard ventures too far down Broad Street, the sentry orders the driver to make a U-turn. To make sure the motorists understand, Marines come to raised pistols until turn is completed

MB PHILLY (cont.)

The Armed Forces YMCA on North 15th street and the USO get a better-than-average play from the Marines.

Relations between the Marine Barracks and the "Y" were further cemented this past Summer when the YMCA's camp at Downington, Pa., burned. Marines from the Barracks' mess hall showed the camp personnel how to set up and operate field kitchen equipment and properly control sanitation—garbage disposal pits, etc.—in the boondocks. When the Rockford reservists landed in Philly, the Armed Forces branch of the "Y" held a dance in their honor.

The abundance of datable young ladies ensures the success of Barracks-sponsored dances and clambakes. These affairs are held at regular intervals. Ashore, troops often head for a neighborhood bar, before beginning a sizeable liberty. Nickel beers are a big drawing card at the 1602 Bar.



Sgt. Rowland Kimble (center), brig warden, inspects log with Sgt. Leroy Parson (right) while assistant brig warden watches

Facilities on the Naval Base itself are equal to those at most stations. The Marines sport their own recreation room gym, use the Navy's huge swimming pool and movie theater, where films often show two weeks before they appear at first-run cinemas uptown. A Marine-operated Exchange and snack bar does a $300,000 business annually, although most of the trade comes from Navy personnel. The Exchange, snack bar and mess hall occupy a portion of Building 102—the troops' barracks—with six apartments for officers built on one end. The bill of fare in the mess hall rates high with the Marines who eat family style, listen to piped in music. In the Summertime, the galley also feeds midshipmen visiting the base for familiarization training.

Cobbler, tailor and barber shops on the Marine post are rented to civilian tradesmen on a contract basis. The Barrack's number one hair clipper, Sam Benedetto, has been lowering ears there for 33 years and has seen Marines shove off to fight four wars. Today, the post remains a potential port of embarkation.

An excess of housing for married officers on the Marine area is offered to officers from the Philadelphia Clothing Depot and the 4th Reserve and Recruitment District. Enlisted personnel with their families live ashore. A

Navy-operated commissary on the base is open to all.

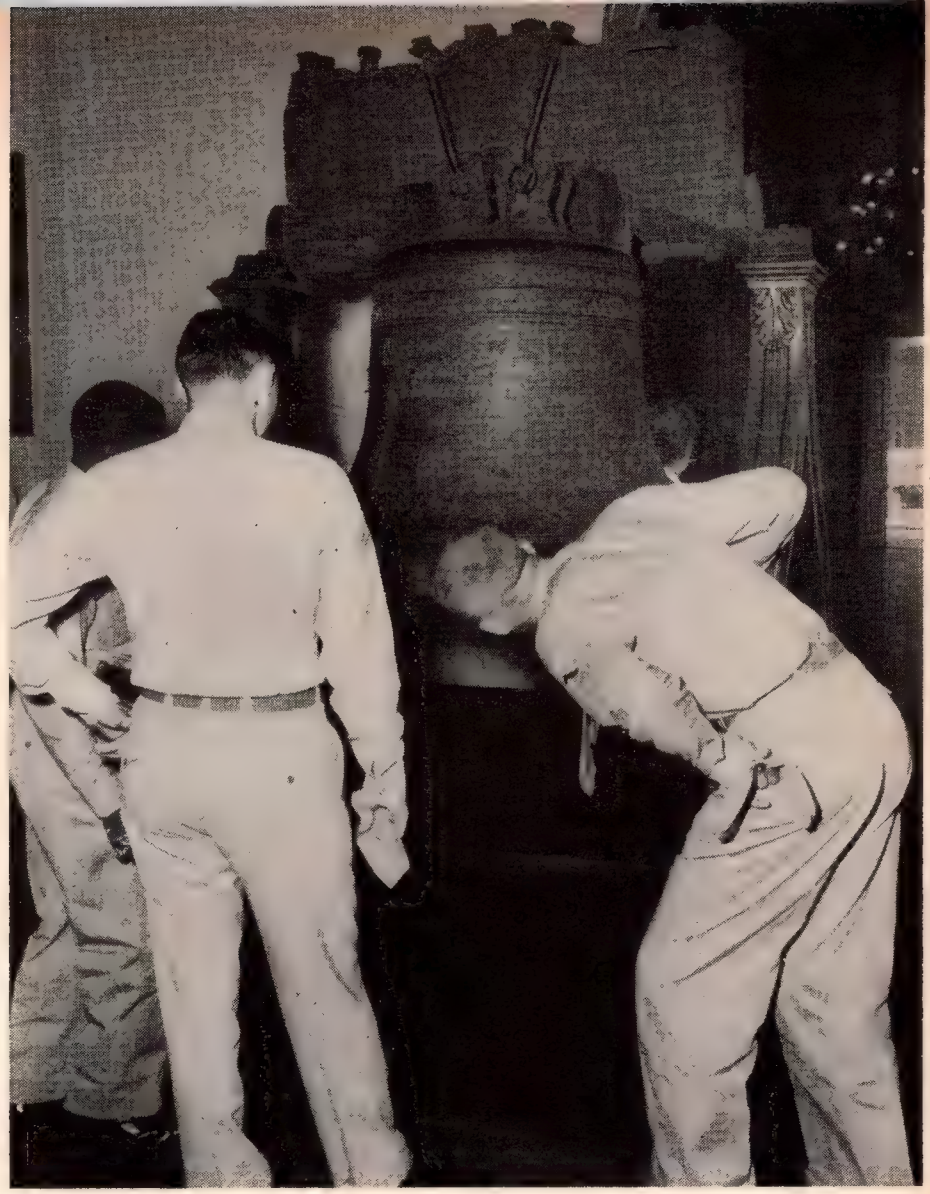
Command positions at Friday morning parades are alternated weekly between the officers and the NCOs of the Barracks. At an all-NCO parade, sword-carrying noncoms lead their troops in review before a guest of their choice. A Turkish chief from a submarine in for repairs was a guest of honor. A recent NCO affair saw Regulars and the reservists from Rockford turn out snappily for Brigadier General Ion Bethel, Commanding General of the Clothing Depot.

The purpose of the all-NCO parades is clearly established at the weekly critiques held in the commanding officer's room. Leadership and responsibility are developed; the entire command perks up.

The size of the command hampers

the Marines when it comes to sports. Although the trophy case holds memoirs of another era (old-time Marines seem to have excelled in tug-of-war!) today's troopers confine themselves to intramurals. When a Liar's Contest was held, only a few Marines submitted entries but not one was considered worthy of a prize. But the men of the Barracks feel they're first place in everything else. **END**

Sam Benedetto, who has been a post barber for more than 33 years, trims MSgt. Alexander Nedelak, MB mess sergeant



At Philadelphia's Independence Hall, sightseers of Rockford's 20th Special Infantry Company, got a peek at the Liberty Bell

The USS Olympia was Admiral Dewey's flagship when he literally carried out his orders to "capture or destroy the Spanish fleet" in Philippine waters in 1898. Her guns removed, the cruiser is tied to a pier at the Navy yard

BATTLE CRY

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THEY CAME FROM every city, village and hamlet in the country, and in appearance and background were as different as man-made words could envision. They were loggers and bewildered school kids; college professors and Texas ranchers. They were introverts, extroverts and plain ordinary guys. But somewhere in these United States—during the early 1942 war months—each became an inseparable part of the other by the simple expedient of an enlistment oath in a Marine Recruiting office.

As the grimy San Diego Boot Camp Special rolls 'cross country toward its destination, each short, jerking stop adds a few more passengers—seventeen-year-old Danny Forrester, a step removed from high school and the football field; tough guy Constantine Zvonski; Iowan Cyril Brown; quiet, studious Marion Hodgkiss from Kansas, and rancher Speedy Grey of Texas. Navajo Indian Shining Lighttower is added to the roster as the boot special chugs through the remaining Western States, along with Spanish Joe, a brawling drifter who hopped a freight to get to the recruiting office. Last man aboard is rugged Andy Hookans, fresh from the Washington State logging camps.

These are the men of *Battle Cry*, best-selling novel by former Marine Leon Uris, and soon-to-be-released Warner Brothers movie. Around this group of men—communicators of the Sixth Regiment, Second Marine Division—author Uris has woven a tale of the Corps. He takes his cast through boot camp, describes their romances and problems, laughs and failures; then he leads them into the Pacific for the campaigns at the 'Canal, Tarawa and Saipan. He closes his story, not with flag-waving and victory parades, but with the quiet return of those men who have escaped death on a remote Pacific island.

For author Leon Uris, much of *Battle Cry* is far from fantasy. He enlisted in the Marine Corps at the age of 17, one month after Pearl Harbor, and saw action as a radio operator with the Second Division at Guadalcanal and Tarawa. After the war he spent his days driving a news truck for the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, and his nights pounding out the pages of *Battle Cry*. The book had barely hit the distributors before it caught the public interest and landed on every best-seller list in the States. Foreign editions—translated into Dutch, Hebrew and French are now on the book stands in those countries, and sales are still high in England, Australia and other English-speaking countries.

Then to Uris—as to most successful authors—came the call of Hollywood. Warner Brothers bought the screen rights of the book, and signed Uris to write the screenplay.

When Uris had finished his screenplay, it contained all the basic elements and characterizations of the novel. Minor changes—necessary in the visual version—detracted little from the story or its impact. Then Warners looked around its stable of directors for a man experienced in outdoor extravaganzas; Raoul Walsh, one of the top men in the business, picked up the assignment. Walsh spent months selecting a cast, and in the case of male actors, scanned their military records as well as acting ability. He came up with what is probably the fightin'est group of actors ever assembled in one cast.

Van Heflin, a World War II Air Force lieutenant, will play Major Huxley, the indomitable perfectionist who dies leading his men during the Saipan invasion. James Whitmore, who plays the role of "Mac" the tough, gung-ho sergeant, is a real life, Reserve Marine lieutenant who saw action in the Pacific during WWII. Glenn Denning, cast as "Seabag" Brown, has just completed an 18-month tour in Korea with the First Marine Division. The pugnacious "Ski" is played by William Campbell, a Pacific War minesweeper veteran, and

Marine artillerymen blasted away on the Vieques range in Puerto Rico while Hollywood cameramen recorded the action. In the motion picture it will be dubbed in as part of the historical battle of Saipan

the rugged, leathery Marine general is played by Raymond Massey, who took time out to serve with the Canadian Army during both World Wars I and II. The feminine interest—although not selected from a military standpoint—is more than adequately handled by Dorothy Malone, Mona Freeman, Nancy Olsen and Anne Francis.

Undoubtedly the top bit of type casting came with the signing of Tommy Cook for the role of Ziltch, Major Huxley's orderly. Corporal Tommy Cook was just rounding out two years in the Marine Corps when he was signed for the part. Prior to entering the Corps, Cook had played hundreds of dramatic radio roles and was one of Hollywood's most promising young actors.

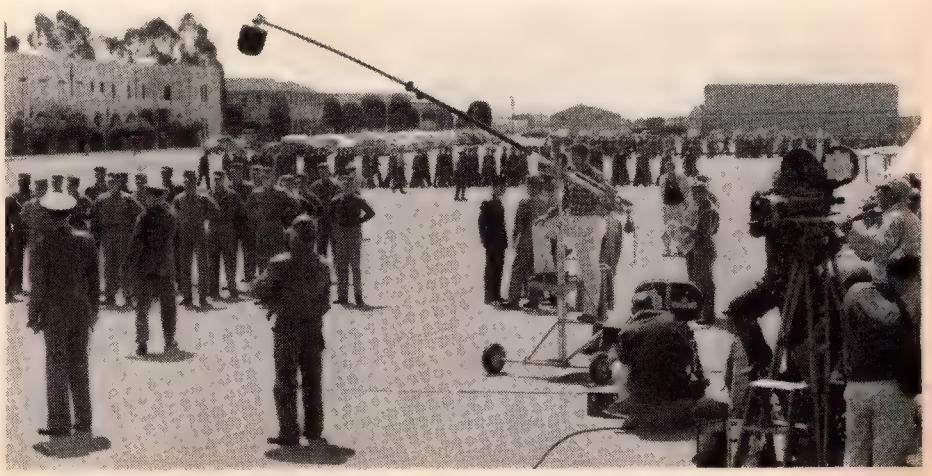
Technical advice for the "Battle Cry" production came from Colonel Henry Crowe. The Colonel, a veteran of three major Pacific campaigns, admits that at times it was necessary to strike a happy medium to satisfy audience appeal. "When a sequence shows a group of Marines advancing through cover onto an enemy position," explains the Colonel, "correct tactics indicate that they should not be seen. Audience appeal demands that the Marines be seen, or else the sequence would have no interest to anyone."

The film version of *Battle Cry* in much the same manner as the novel, opens with the San Diego-bound recruits meeting each other on the train. After boot training they are sent on to radio school, and then attached to a battalion commanded by Major Sam Huxley. A disciplinarian of the old school, Huxley drives and trains his men unmercifully.

But even with a rugged training schedule, the men find time for infrequent San Diego liberties. Danny Forrester wrangles a leave to return to Baltimore and marry his high school sweetheart. Tough guy Constantine "Ski" Zvonski gets a "dear John" from the girl back home. Dreamer Marion Hodgkiss rides the ferryboat from San Diego to Coronado on his liberty nights, meets a beautiful girl and falls in love, only to find out later (and it has been toned down for the screen) that she is a bar girl.

First stop overseas for the battalion is at Wellington, New Zealand. Here, woman-hater Andy Hookans meets a pretty war widow, but before anything can develop, the outfit gets the word to move out. They hit the 'Canal too late for the invasion, but lend a hand

TURN PAGE



"Battle Cry" boot camp scenes were filmed in San Diego. The plot follows a group of men through their Marine experiences in WW II

Major Generals John T. Selden and James P. Riseley welcomed the director, Raoul Walsh, and actor Van Heflin to Camp Pendleton

At the height of a 60-mile march, the Warner Brothers special effects crew created a New Zealand rain storm on a bright California day

Hollywood did not limit combat sequences to the South Pacific

in the mopping-up operations. "Ski" is killed on a scouting mission. With the island secured, the Sixth Regiment returns to Wellington to recuperate and reoutfit. Andy marries his war widow, and the outfit pulls out again —this time headed for Tarawa.

But it's the same story again. They've arrived too late for the invasion and are assigned the task of mopping-up the remainder of the Japanese garrison. Casualties are minor during the in-fighting, but among the dead is Marion Hodgkiss. On their return to Hawaii, in preparation for the Saipan operation, the regiment is restless; for all their training, they've never hit the beach with the assault waves. To make matters worse, Huxley finds out that his outfit has been assigned to regimental reserve and is not slated to land until the fifth day of the invasion. He gets an audience with the division commander, General Snipes, and after a heated scene with the general, gets the battalion assigned to an exposed flank of Red Beach, hot spot of the Saipan campaign.

On D-Day Huxley and his crew get all—and more—than they have been asking for. No other outfits have been able to land on Red Beach, and casualties are heavy as the battalion is pinned down by Japanese artillery barrages. Andy Hookans and Danny Forrester are both wounded and Huxley is killed before Navy artillery fire breaks up the enemy defense and enables the remainder of the battalion to launch a successful counter-attack.

Months later, after rest and rehabilitation, a magical word reaches the regiment: the old timers are going home. Andy Hookans, minus a leg, eagerly limps the last few hundred feet to his waiting wife and a son born on Saipan's D-Day.

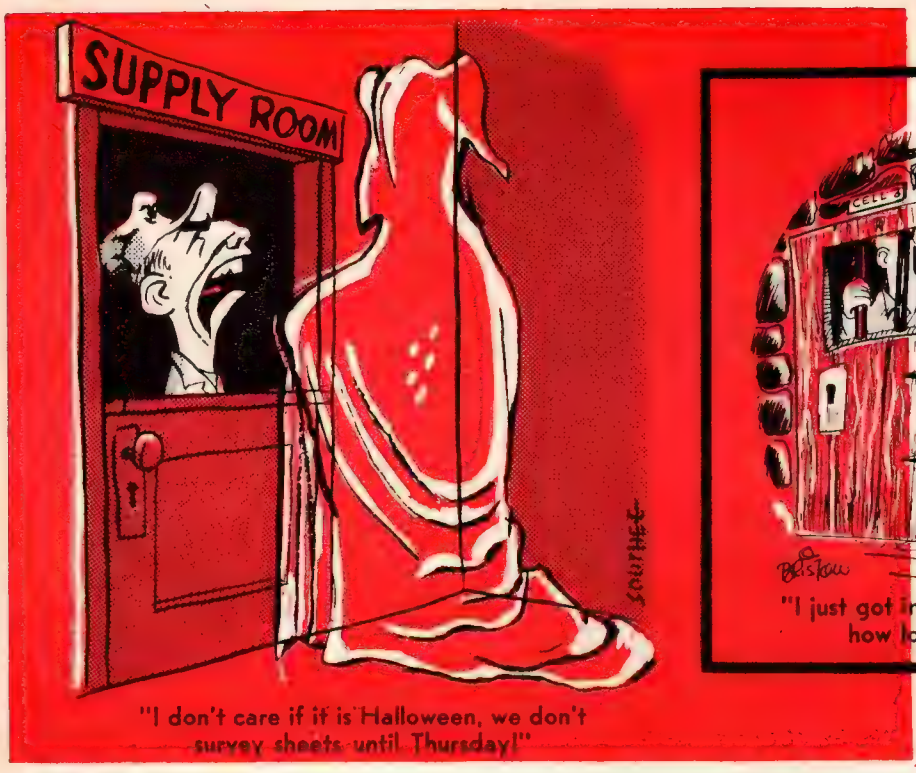
For the closing sequence, the camera returns to the same spot where the story began—the railroad station. Danny Forrester steps from the train into the waiting arms of his wife and family. Newsboys hawk their wares, shouting the latest headlines, "Marines take Mount Suribachi! Read all about it! Marines take Iwo Jima!"

Off to one side, a group of young men, unmindful of anything around them, chat noisily as they are checked aboard a train by a burly Marine in dress blues. They're headed for boot camp at San Diego. **END**

Raymond Massey, playing the part of a leathery Marine general, briefs two officers on the Saipan invasion. Massey, like most "Battle Cry" actors, had military duty. He fought in both World Wars

Van Heflin, a former Air Force lieutenant, got role of Major Huxley, the indomitable perfectionist. A disciplinarian of the old school, Huxley drives his troops to make them combat ready. He is KIA

Leatherneck Laffs



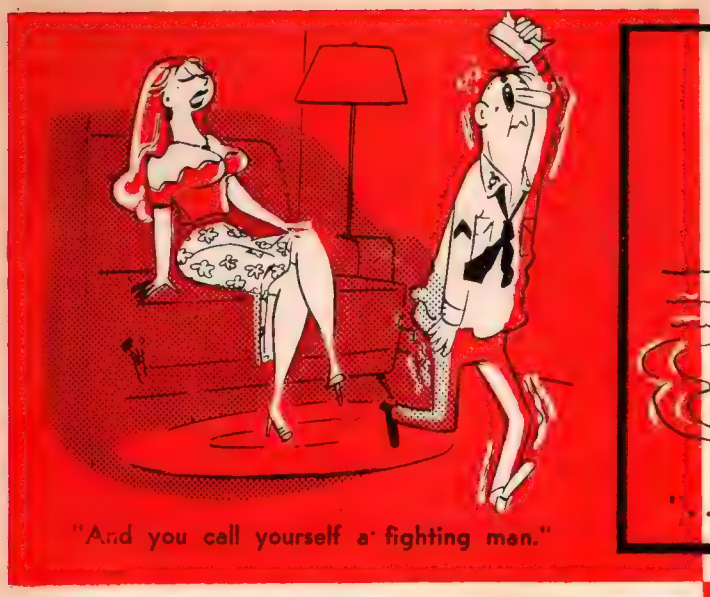
"I don't care if it is Halloween, we don't survey sheets until Thursday!"

"I just got in this lock-up myself. How long, I say how long you been here neighbor?"

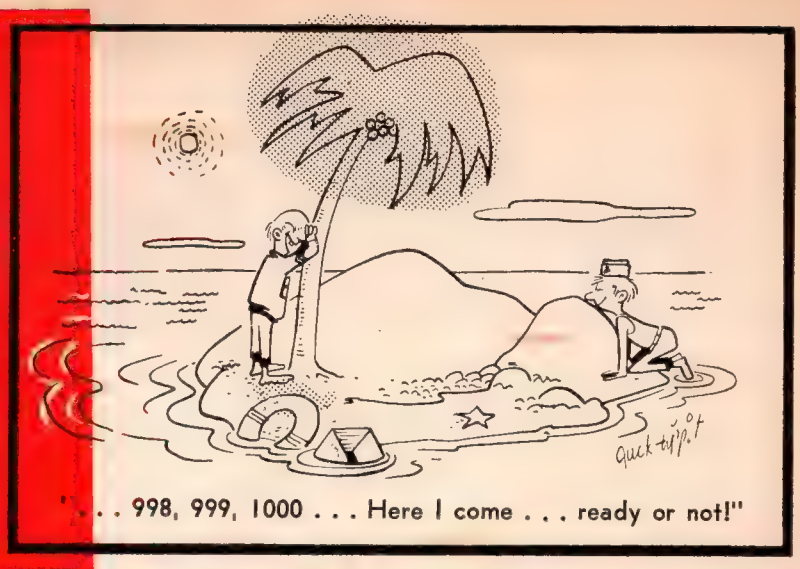
Leatherneck Magazine

"Boy I'd sure hate to be in the Marines this morning!"

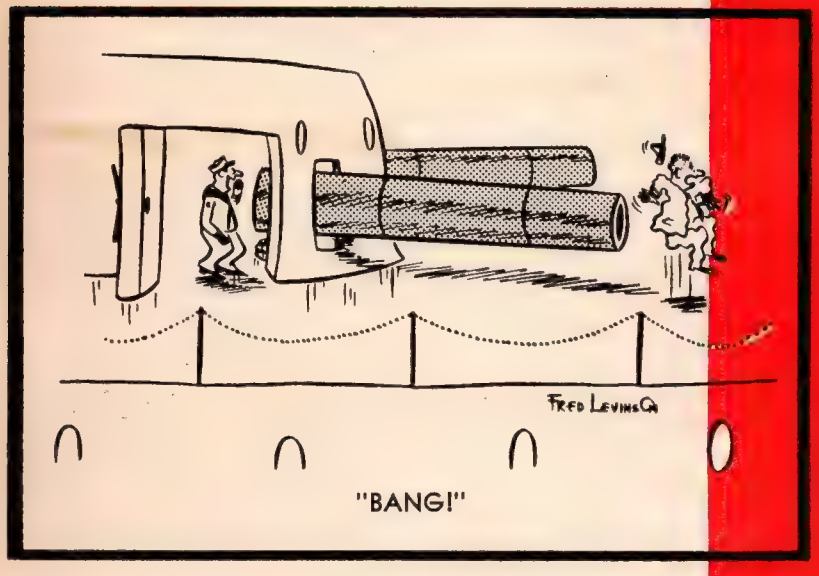
"I was wondering why no one came in today!"



"And you call yourself a fighting man."



". . . 998, 999, 1000 . . . Here I come . . . ready or not!"



"BANG!"

"I can't understand it. I've been dishing this out all day and haven't had to refill it once."

Leatherneck Magazine

"Don't you just love a parade?"

"Congratulations on your promotion, Sergeant, here's your rocker!"

If I Were Commandant

Checks for $25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. In future issues, Leatherneck *will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Jot it down and mail it to* Leatherneck, *P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.*

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would set up a uniform license plate, for private vehicles, throughout the Marine Corps.

Under the present system, every Marine Base, Depot, etc., has a different color scheme for their personnel's vehicles; this is further broken down to distinguish between officers, enlisted personnel, and civilian employees.

If I were Commandant, I would set up three color schemes for uniform license plates to be used at every Marine installation; one for officers, one for enlisted personnel, and one for civilian employees.

To distinguish the plates, one base from another, I would place an identifying letter before the plate number. For example: Parris Island—"P.I.," Quantico—"Q," Cherry Point—"C.P.," etc.

I believe this system would bring about uniformity, easier identification, and economy.

2nd Lieut. Leonard L. Hoffman, USMCR

* * *

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant I would consider the notion that track meets within the Marine Corps should be based on military skills.

In spite of the considerable preparation that goes into any intramural sports program, track meets that I have observed have been poorly attended, and as a spectator sport, held in low esteem.

I believe that much more interest would be generated, both amongst the spectators and in the competitors, if the events were elevated from collegiate to military ability. That is to say, modify events so that they have a military application as well as the requirement for physical prowess.

If we compete, as individuals or as teams, with the tools of our trade in lieu of the athletic playthings now employed, we gain professional interest as well as competitive spirit. An obvious dividend is the increased proficiency in arms, and what better end could such efforts serve?

Let's replace the shot and discus with the grenade; the javelin with the bayonet. Let's revamp the hurdles and distance running, substituting combat gear for the shorts and spikes. Let's exchange the high jump and pole vault for wall scaling and rope climbing events. And how about a couple of new events demonstrating military skills, such as machine gun drill against time or precision trailer backing?

My bet is that such a meet would draw more competitors and more spectators than the present meets, and would serve the ends of training in the bargain!

Capt. J. S. McAlister, USMC

* * *

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant I would:

Consider the advisability of guaranteeing men with over 20 years service permanent duty at one station if they desire to remain in the Corps. A great majority of men going out with 20 years of service do so only because they are tired of moving their family every few months.

Recommend to Congress that all veterans' benefit laws be amended to read that the deadline for commencement of earned benefits would be computed on the basis of when they actually left the service instead of from the date of discharge from the enlistment in which the benefits were earned. A man discharged today who reenlists immediately for four years will complete his new enlistment too late to take any benefits of education under current laws. Other examples might be cited.

Consider the practicability of assigning men to security forces by functional fields, each Marine Barracks being assigned a certain functional field. Example: MB Philadelphia would be assigned OF 08 (Artillery). Officers and men assigned to security forces would go to Philadelphia if they were 08. MB Philadelphia would include artillery in their school classes. In this way a man on security force duty could still receive training in his OF.

Take positive measures to insure that directives from HQMC were carried out as intended by CGs and COs. Since WWII there has been an increasing number of COs who run their commands in accordance with their personal views, even when such views conflict with directives issued by CMC.

Establish a system of self-teaching courses for all ranks and occu-

pational fields, like the Navy has. Passing the end-of-course test would be one of the eligibility requirements for taking the Marine Corps-wide promotion examination. Promotions should go to the men who are willing to prepare themselves professionally.

Study the practicability of assigning some field grade officers to duties other than commanding when it is considered that they are not good commanding officers even though they might be good staff officers. The wrong kind of commanding officer can do much towards decreasing reenlistments.

Very truly yours,

MSgt. Joseph B. Courville, USMC

* * *

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would initiate a publication, "Combined Lineal List of Noncommissioned Officers of the E-6 and E-5 Pay Grades on Active Duty in the Marine Corps." This text would be patterned after the Combined Lineal List of Officers and would contain the names, lineal precedence, serial number, pay entry base date, date of present rank and military occupational specialty. Upon completion of the General Military Subjects Test and the Technical Test the individual's name would appear within this text.

The above-mentioned publication would be printed and issued annually to all posts and stations in order to inform personnel concerned. In addition, Headquarters Marine Corps would publish to all commands the allocation of promotions by MOS to be considered by each selection board convened.

I believe a lineal list of this nature would limit, to a large extent, the continuous correspondence and request masts relative to such questions as: "When will I be promoted?" "How can I tell I'm on the selection list?" and "Why wasn't I promoted?" By publication of this lineal list individuals concerned would be made cognizant of their promotional opportunities.

Respectfully yours,

TSgt. Charles S. Dalrymple Jr., USMC

* * *

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant or one of the people designated by him to design uniforms and make up uniform regulations I would get the opinions of a large number of personnel, both officer and enlisted, before I adopted any new piece of uniform clothing or changed the regulations on any old clothing.

I, for one, have been greatly concerned over two pieces of uniform clothing. First, the adoption of our regulation raincoat. It doesn't shed water but absorbs it, also looks terrible and doesn't maintain a neat military appearance. In Japan we have had much use for a good raincoat and it certainly doesn't fill the bill.

Second, investigate the discard of the green winter service jacket as a liberty uniform. Rather than discard this jacket as a liberty uniform I would either leave it as it is or alter it so that it makes a neater appearing piece of military clothing. As Commandant I would try and have clothing that was pleasing both to the people that view it and those who wear it. I don't think there are any enlisted men who aren't sorry about the loss of the green jacket.

Corp. Thomas. B. Zimmerman, USMC

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant . . .

Morale and the inability to maintain a hard core of professional soldiers on active duty is admittedly a major problem for the other services. The causes are well known but the remedy is lacking.

For the benefit of our problem plagued sister services and to forestall any like situation in the Marine Corps, I would institute a program to encourage all NCOs, (and require all sections, departments and branches be represented by Staff NCOs), to attend meetings at their clubs to discuss problems incidental to military life, to produce solutions and to expedite the execution of the solution among themselves.

Of course, some seemingly unsolvable problems might require considerable time and effort to be adequately disposed of but many vexing problems could be solved locally if the NCOICs of the departments touched by the problem coordinated their efforts to remove the cause of the problem.

MSgt. Benjamin F. Harrison, USMC

END

"Who would have thought that I'd ever meet a talent scout disguised as a general!"

Leatherneck Magazine

IN RESERVE

When 45 Los Angeles boys reported to Camp Las Pulgas for five days training, they were met by SSgt. Gerald Clow, TSgt. Reziaj Massey

DEVIL PUPS

by Leonard Riblett

THERE WAS THE TRACE of a grin on Sergeant Edwin Poncho's leathered face as he roared the order:

"Forwaaard . . . march!"

And his men stepped out—one of the strangest squads ever seen at Camp Las Pulgas on the sprawling reservation of Camp Pendleton. They moved with pride, though it seemed that all had two left feet.

For Sgt. Poncho's troops were the "Devil Pups," boys from 12 to 17 years of age, who were taking part in a unique and expanding citizenship program created and organized this year by USMCR Volunteer Training Unit 12-5 (S), of Beverly Hills, California.

From the moment of arrival from Los Angeles the "Devil Pups" were on the go; for teen-agers, their training schedule was a rugged ordeal.

At Las Pulgas, which is just beyond the old and abandoned Tent Camp Two area, whose skeletal timbers and quonset huts now are weathering under morning fog and blazing afternoon sun, they were officially received by Lieutenant George C. Mijuardot and six noncommissioned officers, all veterans of Korea.

From the buses they marched to the chow hall for a meal of meat, vegetables, potatoes, milk and ice cream. Then they marched to the new concrete barracks where, as Company D, 1st Battalion, First Infantry Training Regiment, they made up their double deck bunks and manned the mops and water buckets.

Their first afternoon featured a rated physical conditioning test, including pull ups, push ups, two minutes of sit ups, squat jumps and a 300-yard run.

Not forgotten, either, was the inevitable GI hair cut, with Staff Sergeant Henry Helms manning the clippers over a rare assortment of teen-age hair styles. And while the thought of a barber was not too popular with the youngsters, their bearing became a bit straighter, for now they looked more like the Marines with whom they were living.

Reveille went at 0530, with Taps at 2200, for the five days the "Devil Pups" spent at Pendleton. In between was a tightly packed routine, including close order drill, compass training, swimming, training in judo, a cross country field trip, First Aid, sanitation, hygiene and a night bivouac.

Here, for example, is the fourth day schedule:

0530	Reveille
0600-0700	Breakfast
0700-0730	Police Call
0730-0755	Calisthenics, Close Order Drill
0755-0805	Morning Colors
0805-0920	First Aid, Hygiene, Sanitation
0930-1120	Judo

1130-1300	Lunch
1300-1600	Compass Hike
1600-1700	Prepare Bivouac Area
1700-1800	Evening meal in the field
1800-1930	Rest Period
1930-2000	Enroute to Night Defense Area
2000-2300	Observe Night Attack and Night Defense Problem

While the boys observe regular Marine Corps training activities, and are completely under the jurisdiction of Marine instructors, they do not handle loaded weapons at any time. They are observers, rather than participants, except for their physical activities.

And, bit by bit, imperceptibly, they absorb the intangibles for which the program was designed. They gain a new respect for themselves and for others, and it shows in the increased use of "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir" as the days go by.

They are sharp, these kids, and many have the noisy toughness picked up in city streets. They learn quickly. They are highly impressionable. They remember what they see, and they are always watching. . . .

Devil Pups proved that they were chow hounds of the traditional school when led to the table for meat, vegetables, potatoes, milk and ice cream

The "Devil Pups" program, in which eight groups of 60 boys each spent five days on the vast military installation near Oceanside, was born in a bull session only last March.

Members of VTU 12-5, made up of Reserve officers who live in and around Los Angeles, were concerned with widespread and growing incidents there of teen-age irresponsibility. There were stories every day of vandalism and gang violence. Several VTU members had experienced unpleasant yet revealing brushes with such youngsters. As individuals they appeared to be fundamentally sound, but lacking something.

The thought developed as the bull session continued that a boy can be as tough and rugged as the situation demands, yet can be a good citizen and a self-disciplined gentleman.

If such youngsters could go to a real Marine Corps base, live there and be under Marine instructors, could they learn by example?

Here was a VTU project with a challenge, one that would require much time and work but, if successful, would be of inestimable value.

Less than two months later, during Easter Week, the first group, 40 boys from the Red Shield Youth Center, operated in Los Angeles by the Salva-

TURN PAGE

GI haircuts weren't forgotten. Robert Montenegros (r) told his buddies that SSgt. Helms was a neat man with clippers

Sgt. Raymond Wallace showed Los Angeles lads how to square away a sack. Boys went home vowing never to forget the Marine Corps way

Judo instructor, SSgt. Robert Goetz, demonstrated for the Devil Pups. Pfc J. L. Carpenter was the "victim" during exhibition armpit throwing

tion Army, headed by bus for Camp Pendleton.

In a matter of a few weeks VTU 12-5, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Richard F. Hyland, had worked out a training program with Major General John T. Selden, commanding general of Camp Pendleton. Secured, too, was approval of the Commandant. Completed were details of insurance, parental permission, transportation and finance.

The "detail" of financing is important. All costs are borne by VTU 12-5, with no charge to the Marine Corps. There was no time to solicit funds for that first group, so two VTU members, Lieutenant Colonel Cornelius Cole, resident West Coast manager for Francis I. du Pont & Company, stock brokers, and Captain Richard E. Rand, of the Rand Construction Company, underwrote the better than $500 bill.

So enthusiastic was response to the Easter Week experiment that a permanent project was established with the first detachment of 60 boys leaving Los Angeles City Hall on June 28. Represented were the Boys Club of Hollywood and the Eastside Settlement.

In all, more than 500 boys took part in the Summer project, at a rough cost of $750 per week. Lieut. Col. Hyland, a sports writer, who in his football days at Stanford University was known as "Tricky Dick," promoted $6000 from the Hollywood Park race track and from other sportsmen in Southern California to pay the bills. An improved training schedule and liaison with Camp Pendleton was handled by Lieutenant Colonel Dick Hanley, with able help from Lieutenant Colonel Merle Wetton, of the Marine Corps public information office in Los Angeles. Planning officer for the VTU program was Captain C. W. (Bud) Smick, a Northrop Aircraft engineer, with Captain Michael J. Vara, a public relations expert, as project coordinator, and Lieutenant John Campbell, publicity man for Twentieth Century-Fox pictures, handling public relations.

The "Devil Pups" program, its value proved, has attracted nation-wide interest. Other VTUs in Chicago and San Diego may adopt such projects. There is talk that the Air Force, too, might like to establish a similar program.

Lieutenant Edward Burke, the Devil Pups' executive officer, held class on the nomenclature and functioning of M-1, BAR

The reaction from youth authorities and parents has been excellent. One Salvation Army official said:

"Each of our boys returned in great shape, and a better boy for the experience. Each returned with a profound respect for the Marine Corps and for the things the Corps represents. When you can see the change in the boys you can truly appreciate the value of the program."

The "Devil Pups" themselves like it and they, too, have gripes, but gripes with a familiar ring:

"This getting up at 0530 isn't for me. But the Marines teach you to develop yourself, and to develop clean habits of living."

And another added:

"I'm going to be saying 'Yes, Sir' from now on, and brother, I'll never forget how to make a bed."

But the kids who made the NCOs grin were those who said:

"Those sergeants would be real strict at times, then they'd let their hair down. They are tough, real rugged, everything we thought a Marine would be, but when they said 'Yes, Sir,' and 'thank you,' they meant it."

Each of the "Devil Pups" receives a letter from the commanding general, a "T" shirt on which is emblazoned the Corps insignia and the words "Camp Pendleton" and "Devil Pups," a dungaree cap and a Voluntary Training Unit commendation.

And inside each boy are the intangibles, the principles that will pay off in the future, for their creed is:

"The normal boy can be as rough and tough as any situation calls for yet remain a mannerly gentleman, physically and mentally clean, who has respect for himself and others, for his Flag and for constituted authority."

END

Devil Pups toured the demonstration field fortifications as part of their course. The five-foot trenches led them to machine gun emplacements

Fifteen-year-old Mike Sacks got word on correct posture via Sgt. Ed Poncho: "Stomach in, chest out, shoulders back"

we the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Tennessee Bill

Bill Morgan, a former Marine, is a paraplegic. But he's the brightest "comer" in Nashville, Tennessee, country music capital of the world.

Pfc William T. Morgan was a cocky, three-letterman from high school ranks when a Japanese sniper cut him down as the Twenty-second Regiment fought for Guam. Then he became a bitter casualty.

"I cursed every man who could walk," Morgan recalls.

Two people helped him back to success and happiness. His dad, Zach Morgan, had lost a leg in a hunting accident in Tennessee. He put his son in a wheelchair and shoved him through crowded stores until Bill got over his embarrassment and self pity. Bill went to a Naval hospital where he met President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Some of us patients knew he wore braces because of polio. We asked him about it."

Bill never forgot his famous Commander in Chief's reply:

"When you see me standing up, Jimmy or Elliott is probably holding me by the pants."

Bill later told friends, "I wish somebody had talked to me like that sooner."

Bill had bought his brother, George Morgan, a $13 guitar before he enlisted. Meanwhile, George had become a star on Nashville's Grand Ole Opry. George's "Candy Kisses" sold 2,000,000 records.

Official USMC Photo

Navy Secretary C. Thomas and CMC L. C. Shepherd Jr., made their first jet flight at MCAS El Toro, California

Late in 1953 Bill was urged to try radio. Within a few months, his "Bill Morgan Show" was drawing mail from several states and hillbilly greats were welcoming him to fame. Chet Atkins, Minnie Pearl, Eddy Arnold and his brother George have appeared on his daily disc jockey spot.

Literally buried under fan mail, Bill was still insisting country music fame was for George, not Bill Morgan, when Columbia Records asked him recently to try a recording. Guam held no terrors equal to that tiny recording studio when Bill "flubbed" the first few tries.

He got help from an unexpected source. Helen Traubel, the Metropolitan Opera star, was in Nashville. She liked Bill's sincere, friendly voice.

"Pretend you're in your living room," she advised.

The result is a record made up of two ballads, "Forever" and "Everything Reminds Me of You." Bill says the record proves that "As a singer, I'm a good soup blower." But in Nashville, the recording and radio stars will tell you:

"Watch that younger Morgan. He's headed for the top."

John Fetterman

Photo by Don Cravens

Bill Morgan was cut down by a sniper's bullet on Guam and hasn't walked since. That didn't stop him from becoming a top disc jockey

Machine Age

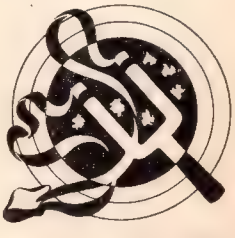
It was Marine versus machine recently as five husky El Toro Marines matched shovels against a Jeep-powered ditch-digging machine. When the uneven contest was over, the almost-out-of-sight Marines were lucky to settle for second place.

With a newly-designed device, "Jeep-a-Trench," one man at the wheel of the military vehicle can claw an 800-foot trench six feet deep in one hour. To

TURN PAGE

Official USMC Photo

MSgt. Frank Freeman used his homemade sling-shot when he unofficially qualified on the San Diego .45 calibre range



Official USMC Photo

The Angel of Dien Bien Phu, Lieut. Galard-Terraube, greets members of Marine Orchestra who provided music at her tea

Official USMC Photo

Marines with the First Division in Korea assembled their assorted pets and mascots for a formal "family" portrait. Included in the group were: a champion dog, horse, magpie, fawn, rabbit, and an owl named "Hoot"

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

match this feat in the same time would require 200 men.

The demonstration, held at Buena Vista, Calif., was part of an international publicity program to demonstrate peacetime uses for the versatile Jeep. With proper attachments, the old World

War II workhorse can now serve as a fire engine, post hole digger, emergency power generator, or farm implement (disk and harrow). It can also saw wood or grind corn for cattle.

During the contest, an observer watched the perspiring, shovel-plying Marines, then turned to gaze at the long, neatly dug trench made by the machine. "Man," he quipped, "look at that *cool* machine *dig* that crazy trench."

MSgt. Steven Marcus

Official USMC Photo

Six Marine Reservists, all named Hernandez, declared their shelter half was their "hide-a-way" during two weeks training at San Diego

Fish Story

Recently, Japanese fishmongers sensed cause for further radiation alarm when a Third Division Marine, armed with a strange instrument, appeared among them. When he probed his mysterious device before their fish counters and began to take strange readings, excitement raced through the entire fish market. Anxious fish peddlers from neighborhood shops speedily gathered in

open-mouthed awe. Some of them even wanted to have *their* fish exposed to the sergeant's meter.

Frantic gesticulating, plus assorted signals finally quieted the excited market owners. The Marine, it seemed, didn't have a Geiger counter, after all. He was merely trying out his newly acquired light meter before taking a few color pictures of the local Japanese fish markets.

Information Section
Third Marine Division

Signs With Giants

James R. "Reggie" Lee, star football player for Camp Lejeune last year, signed a baseball contract with the New York Giants recently.

Formerly attached to the Tenth Marines, Lee drew raves for his play at half-back for the Camp football team last season. He was voted to the second-string All-Marine team and received a *Leatherneck Magazine* award for "fine sportsmanship and all-around ability."

It was rumored that the Chicago Bears football team offered Reggie a contract, but he turned it down for baseball.

Lee got his offer for the baseball contract after working with the Giants farm team in Florida.

Pfc J. Griffin,
Camp Lejeune
END

Crazy Captions

"But Sir! I ran a patch through it before chow this morning!"

JULY CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

SUBMITTED BY
TSGT. RUDOLPH T. CHIEFF, USMC
ROOM 325, POST OFFICE BUILDING
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay $25 for the craziest caption received before December 1, 1954. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture below, print it on the line under the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the January 1955 issue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

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MASQUERADE

by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

PRIVATE JOHN SHORT squatted awkwardly on the edge of the hole he was digging. His entrenching shovel descended for another slice of the world's hardest dirt but did not bite into earth this time. It stopped abruptly halfway down. Short held it at half-mast and twisted his neck over his shoulder, looking for Drum. His squinty eyes spotted the platoon sergeant not more than a dozen feet away, supervising a handful of Marines who were hacking s h a l l o w connecting trenches throughout the 1st Platoon's area.

"Hey, Sarge!" Short piped. "How long we gawn be here so's I know how deep to go with this crazy excavation?"

Drum puffed once on his dead cigar and blew out imaginary smoke slowly. He turned the twist of tobacco in his hand and looked out across Deep River toward the enemy. When are they ever going to learn, he questioned himself. The main purpose of digging a foxhole is to protect the man who digs it, and to keep his weapon in one piece. An outfit shot full of casualties is plain shot. A decent hole in the ground can save you from enemy small arms and machine guns, even shrapnel and HE. Whenever a clown like Short showed up, Drum had half an idea to let him go to hell his own way. But he'd need a good rifleman when the time for battle arrived and Short was a good man with an M-1.

"Dig, dammit, 'til I tell you to stop!" Drum barked. He lectured Short a minute and went to inspect the hasty fortifications he'd ordered the platoon to throw up along the edge of the river. The late October sky was dark banks of gray by the time he finished.

In the dusk, Drum spotted the crouching figure of Wrigley running toward him. "'Daddy-o' c o m i n g aboard," the squad leader reported. "He's got a guest with him."

"Thanks," Drum answered. Daddy-o was a tag the 1st Platoon had pinned on Captain Roper, the Baker Company commander. Sort of a code name. When they were on the line and the enemy was close, the troops shortened it to "Dad" instead of calling him "Sir" or "Captain." Drum wondered if the person with him would be an officer to take over the platoon which was left in his lap when Lieutenant Sweeney was evacuated.

The newcomer was an officer, but not a new platoon leader. Drum recognized Major Sharkey, the division intelligence officer. There were no formalities.

"Mind if I take a look at the other side of the river from the closest vantage point available?" the major asked. Drum shook his head, wheeled off to the 1st Squad's diggings. Major Sharkey jumped into a hole beside The Kid who had been sighting down the barrel of his recently-acquired BAR. High-powered binoculars began sweeping the opposite bank.

"Kind of dark to see everything. But there's enough visibility left to make out what I want to know." The major put up his field glasses and motioned Capt. Roper and Drum to follow him back to the other side of River Road.

The G-2 took off his helmet, dropped it in his lap and passed a pack of gum around. The other two accepted. Major Sharkey lit into the situation.

"Recon's over there," he said almost unconcernedly. "They went across when we pushed the enemy into the water today. Somehow they've managed to get a fix on what the buggars are planning to do, but there's no way

The enemy soldier was asleep, his rifle crooked in his arms.
The three sneaked past him and continued their silent trip.

in the universe for them to get the information back to us without getting into a scrap and tipping the deal. Which, of course, we don't want. You know—the element of surprise. All they were able to send was their position. On a walkie-talkie. We've got a prearranged plan to get the dope."

Drum interrupted. "Where are they?"

"Sitting in the middle of an ammunition dump about 3000 yards inland. They'll stay put until contacted. Tomorrow morning, they'll shag tail on another mission but tonight they can't move. Enemy's too jumpy."

Again Drum interrupted. "How you going to get that info?"

The major redeployed the wad of gum to his other cheek. "Three men dressed in enemy uniforms cross the river, meet Jonesy of Recon, accept the information and—get the hell back here."

Another one of those easy operations, Drum thought, perhaps a bit sarcastically. He looked at Roper, then at Sharkey. Both men were staring at him. He quit chomping on his gum and his jaw fell open.

"You don't have to go, Drum," the Skipper told him.

"Yeah. But I will and you know it. Price can mastermind the platoon while I'm gone."

Everly and O'Daniels, the pair Drum picked as his companions for the night's exploit, were two of the best men in Baker Company; he had known them from the Naktong front and other sultry spots in Korea. The three of them were ushered into a blackout tent in the battalion CP where they spent the next 90 minutes over a map board.

"You go into the river about 500 yards upstream from where you'll land on the enemy's side," Major Sharkey said. "Our engineers have rigged a log which will hold your gear and enable you to drift with the flow without being seen . . . we hope. The current will push you to the far side of a sand bar. Make for it. It's directly across from where your platoon's dug in, Drum."

"That must have been what you were lookin' for, Major," Drum said.

"It was," Sharkey said, then pointed. "There's a thin trail on the map. It should lead you smack into the ammo dump . . . if Recon's coordinates are right."

"Man, I hope they be," Everly said.

Once in the ammo dump, the overture would have to come from Drum; Recon would give the countersign.

"How about the enemy's password?" Drum asked.

The major kept looking at the board. "That's something we haven't got."

Drum made a funny request. "In that case, how about gettin' me a bottle of their best booze?"

The trio took a long last look at the contour lines on the map and nodded they were ready to go. Nothing had been said about getting back. That was up to them.

The night was frosty black. The air was chilly and the water would be cold. The three Marines stripped down to their original issue and slid into the river. It was icier than a first sergeant's heart on Valentine's day. They pointed their amphibious carry-all downstream and shoved off.

What seemed like hours later, their feet touched the muddy bank of the opposite side of the river. Noiselessly, they crept into their costumes. The clothing was authentic—it had a built-in stench. Drum became a senior lieutenant carrying a machine pistol; rank-

and-file Everly and O'Daniels carried stubby automatic guns. If the worst happened, the Marines at least knew how to use the foreign weapons. For safety's sake, it was impossible to talk but each Marine was coaxing his memory for every bit of guile he'd ever learned. Simultaneously, they coached each other silently.

The trail they were to follow was hardly visible. Drum found himself trying to recollect each word he'd heard from Marines who went through the Scout and Sniper School the Corps operated during the Pacific war. They made the top of the river bank and moved inland.

Twenty yards from the river's edge, O'Daniels touched Drum's sleeve. An enemy soldier was directly ahead, his rifle crooked in his arms. He was asleep. Drum nodded, looked at Everly. He had seen him, too. They sneaked past him and continued their journey.

Further inland, something moved. Everly and O'Daniels raised the muzzles of their guns; Drum kept advancing.

"*Stoy!*" Drum challenged gruffly but in a low voice.

There was a reply but the Marines didn't catch it. Drum motioned to the figure for silence.

"*Syooda!*" he hissed, thrusting the bottle at the enemy soldier. It was accepted. Years ago, a citizen of the sentry's country had migrated to America and opened a neighborhood candy store in a Midwestern city. He'd heckled a kid named Drum into learning bits of his native language; right now the old man was being repaid with a short prayer.

They went on, reached the ammunition stockpile and made a quick reconnaissance. Drum flicked his hand once. The others became lookouts as the sergeant entered the premises.

In the dump, Drum felt, rather than saw, someone's presence. He risked the password.

"Trick or," he whispered.

"Treat," came the nearly inaudible reply. Drum faded into the shadows beside the voice.

"Jonesy?"

"Yeah. Here's the dope, overlay sketches and all. Think you'll make it back?"

"*Da,*" Drum said, pocketing a waterproof packet.

"Got any butts?" Jonesy queried.

"Sorry, bub, I ain't running no USO," Drum answered. Cigarettes hadn't been included with the enemy uniforms. Anyway, Drum was aching for a stogie.

"Hell with it. Happy Halloween." The reconnaissance man's shadow disappeared.

Drum exited fast but boldly and gathered his escort. On the way back to Deep River, they passed two sleeping sentries—one had an empty jug of local juice beside him.

"Underwater," Drum cautioned the others at the river. Ten yards out, they let their shoes sink to the bottom. Only when their lungs seem scorched beyond repair did they surface for air. Finally, they swam ashore in front of The Kid's BAR.

Major Sharkey and Capt. Roper were there. The intelligence officer whisked the plastic-covered papers off to the CP.

"You can take off your false face now," Price said. "You ain't the only one who's been masquerading tonight."

Drum and the other Marines were peeling off the wet uniforms. "Whatcha talkin' about?" he asked.

"Ole John Short thinks he's a mole or something. He's building an underground mansion."

"Damn," Drum laughed aloud. "I forgot to tell him to stop digging about six hours ago." **END**

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

RE-UP BONUS BILL NOW LAW. . .The new Reenlistment Bonus Bill was signed into law by President Eisenhower July 16 and became effective immediately.

The bill--now Public Law 506--amends the Career Compensation Act of 1949 to increase the average reenlistment bonus payment from about $250 to more than $500. It also raises the maximum total payment to an individual from about $1400 to $2000.

The purpose of the new law is to increase reenlistments in the Regular Marine Corps among enlisted men serving their initial tour of duty. The amounts to be paid are determined by a sliding scale by which the largest payments go to those reenlisting for the first time.

Under the new bonus law a man cannot draw the re-up bonus for service after 20 years. For example, a Marine with 18 years service, reenlisting for six years, could draw only two years re-up bonus. But, a clause in the new bill permits old timers who would stand to gain more under the old reenlistment bonus law to elect that law until they have received a total of $1400.

REENLISTMENT INVOLVED[1]	COLUMN (1) TAKE	COLUMN (2) MULTIPLY BY
First	Monthly basic pay to which the member was entitled at the time of discharge[2]	Number of years specified in reenlistment contract or six.
Second	Two-thirds of the monthly basic pay to which the member was entitled at the time of discharge[3]	Number of years specified in reenlistment contract or six.
Third	One-third of the monthly basic pay to which the member was entitled at the time of discharge[4]	Number of years specified in reenlistment contract or six.
Fourth (and subsequent).	One-sixth of the monthly basic pay to which the member was entitled at the time of discharge[4]	Number of years specified in reenlistment contract or six.

[1]Any reenlistment when a bonus was not authorized is not counted.

[2]Two-thirds of the monthly basic pay in the case of a member in pay grade E-1 at the time of discharge.

[3]No bonus may be paid to a member in pay grade E-1 or E-2 at the time of discharge.

[4]No bonus may be paid to a member in pay grade E-1, E-2 or E-3 at the time of discharge.

TURN PAGE

SERVICE IN GRADE REQUIREMENTS. . .Headquarters Marine Corps recently announced new Service-in-Grade requirements for enlisted personnel. According to figures submitted to Congress by Assistant Defense Secretary John A. Hannah, enlisted Marines will be required to serve more than seven years before reaching the rank of Master Sergeant. In comparison, Army personnel move up the promotion ladder in 44 months; the Air Force in 60 months; and the Navy in a minimum of 76 months.

The new time in grade scale, as compared with that in effect during the fiscal year 1954, is as follows:

	NEW	OLD
E-6	24	18
E-5	20	15
E-4	15	10
E-3	12	10
E-2	12	10
E-1	End of Boot Training	

THIRD DIVVIE MEMBERSHIP DRIVE. . .Lieutenant General Edward A. Craig, USMC (Ret.) recently assumed the Presidency of the Third Marine Division Association. He has started a membership drive and, if it is successful, plans will be made to have the first national reunion in Washington, D.C. during the Summer of 1955. All Marines serving with, or who have served with, the Third are eligible for membership. For further information, write to CWO C. A. Gunsolley, USMC, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego, Calif.

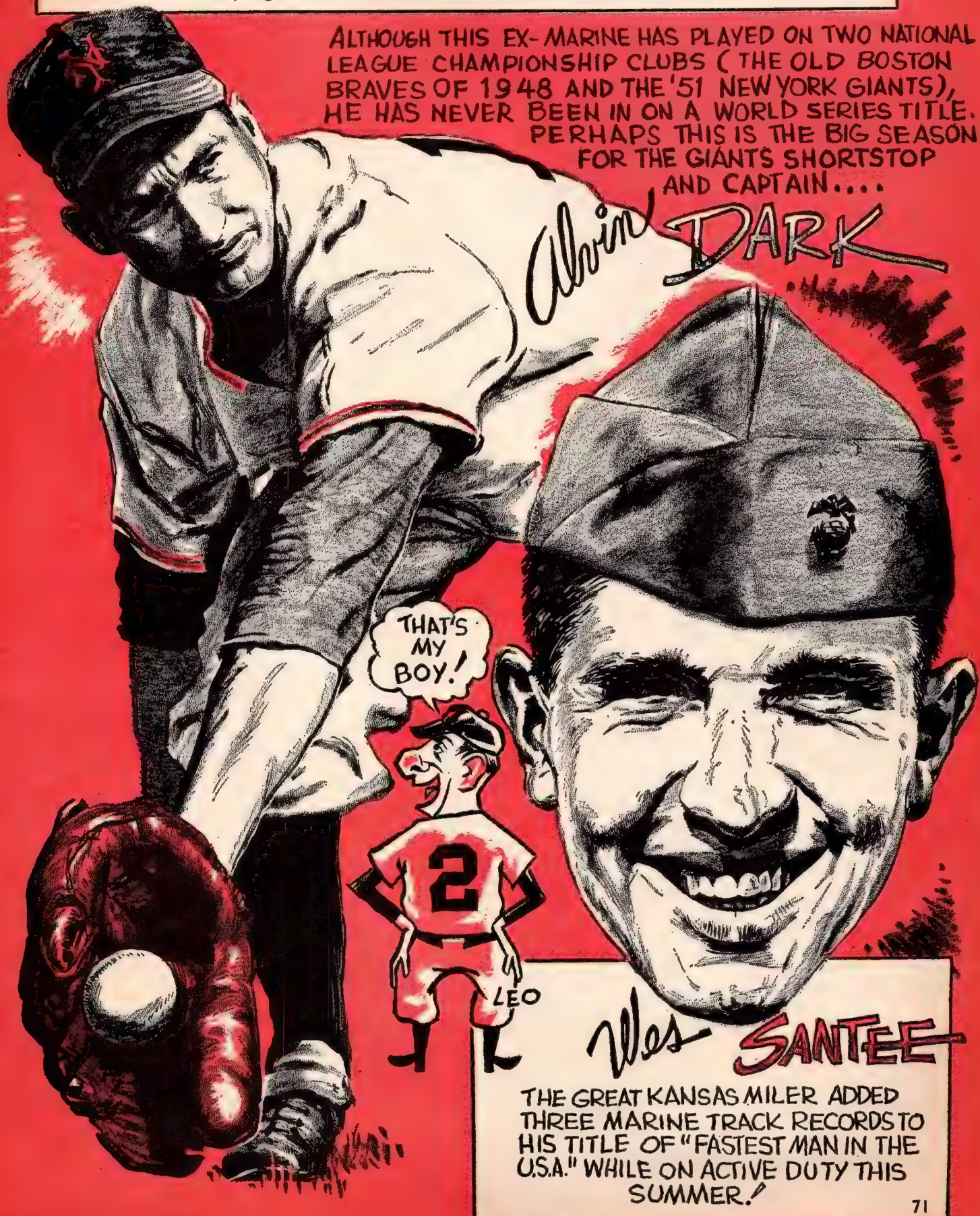
SWAGGER STICK FOR STAFF NCOs. . .The Commandant has approved the final planning stage which will eventually lead to the optional use of swagger sticks by all Staff Noncoms. The sticks will be made out of maple, cherry or beechwood and will be 22 inches in length, tipped with gold or brass. A small gold Marine Corps emblem will be mounted on the heavy end.

NEW AWARD CERTIFICATES. . .Effective immediately, Headquarters Marine Corps Decorations and Awards Section will award a certificate in lieu of a written citation for both the Bronze Star Medal and the Air Medal. The award certificate, which is suitable for framing, will be signed by the Secretary of the Navy.

AVERAGE DATED BONDS . . . With the start of the new fiscal year, 1 July 1954, Marines who invest in $50, $100, $200, $500 or $1000 bonds under the bond-a-quarter plans with monthly pay allotments of $12.50, $25, $50, $125 or $250 respectively, will be issued "average dated" bonds. That is, the issue date of those U.S. Savings Bonds, from which redemption value accrues, will be the first day of the month when one-half the purchase price was deducted from the owner's pay.

SPORT SHORTS

by Sgt. Robert Southee Leatherneck Staff Artist


ALTHOUGH THIS EX-MARINE HAS PLAYED ON TWO NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CLUBS (THE OLD BOSTON BRAVES OF 1948 AND THE '51 NEW YORK GIANTS), HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN ON A WORLD SERIES TITLE. PERHAPS THIS IS THE BIG SEASON FOR THE GIANTS SHORTSTOP AND CAPTAIN....
Alvin DARK
THAT'S MY BOY!
2
LEO
Wes SANTEE
THE GREAT KANSAS MILER ADDED THREE MARINE TRACK RECORDS TO HIS TITLE OF "FASTEST MAN IN THE U.S.A." WHILE ON ACTIVE DUTY THIS SUMMER!

LEATHERNECK'S
PIN UP FOR
OCTOBER
Anne Francis

MCI art contest

The deadline for the fifth annual Marine Corps Institute Art Contest is drawing close. All entries must be received before October 28, 1954.

Any Marine, Regular, Reserve, or retired, may enter the contest. There is no limit to the number of pieces an individual may submit.

For the purposes of judging, there will be six classes, or categories, in both the novice and advanced sections. Awards will be made in each section. Artists who have not had any professional or "paid" experience will be considered in the novice category. This will include all MCI Illustration or Art Course students unless they request otherwise.

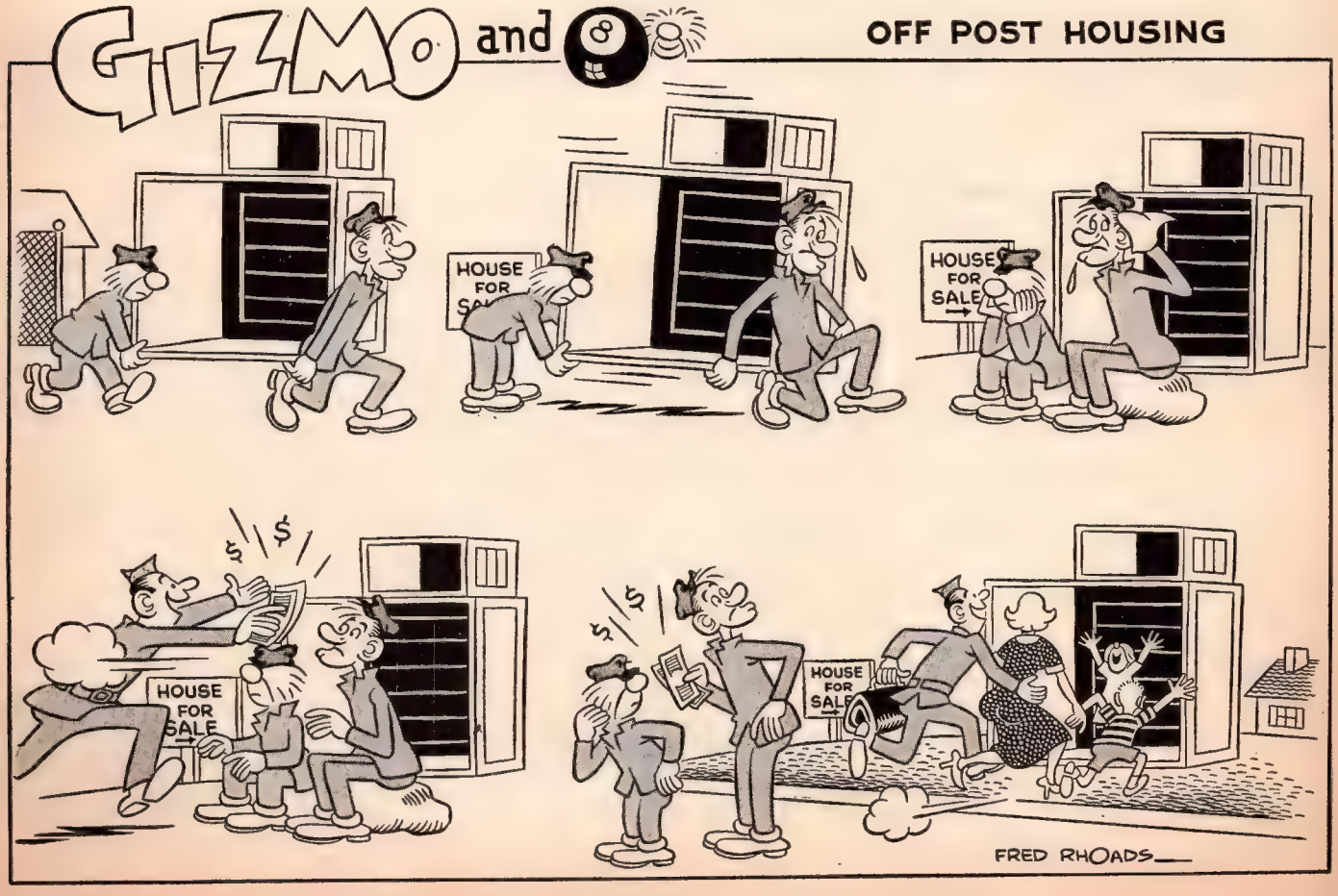
The six classes will be: illustration; portrait; figure; landscape; poster and cartoon. All art work must be of *original conception and execution* by the artist.

Leatherneck Magazine reserves the right to purchase publication rights for any entry selected for reproduction. *Leatherneck's* selections will not necessarily be prize winners; and if publication rights are purchased, the selected art may be reproduced at such time as desired by the publisher.

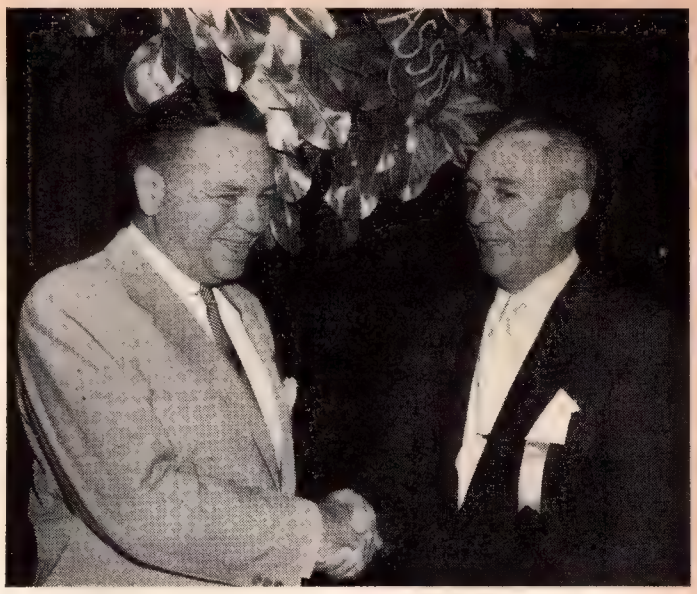
Entries may be in *any medium* but must not exceed 18" x 24" in size and must be submitted without frames. All contestants should identify their entry by name, rank, service number, and military address. This information should be marked on the back of each piece of art work submitted.

All entries should be securely wrapped and clearly marked with the return address. The mailing address is ART CONTEST, c/o Director, Marine Corps Institute, Washington 3, D. C.

END



The traffic in Times Square slowed down when SSgt. Killeen skirled his bagpipes from the Astor balcony



Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Pollock extends his best to the new First Division Association President, J. Wallace Scott

UNDER THE CLOCK

by MSgt. Edward Barnum
Leatherneck Staff Writer

"MEET YOU UNDER the clock at the Astor," could well have been the motto of the First Marine Division Association during their Seventh Annual Reunion in New York City last August 6, 7 and 8. More than 2000 of the Old and New Breed paused under the famous old timepiece and passed through the lobby of the Hotel Astor during the three-day meeting.

The serious business was taken care of with dispatch and Colonel J. Wallace Scott, USMCR, of Philadelphia, was elected to succeed Major General Edwin A. Pollock, USMC, as Association President. Before turning over his chairmanship, the general announced the first scholarship award from the First Marine Division's Association Scholarship Fund. The recipient is Mrs. Verne M. Rice of Memphis, Tenn., the widow of Platoon Sergeant Oliver Rice. She will attend Texas University.

Highlight of the reunion was the banquet, floor show and ball held Saturday evening. The entertainment featured such name stars as Denise Darcel, Al Bernie and the Fontaine Sisters.

When all hands considered the reunion on Sunday morning, prior to leaving for home, the Old Breed was just as tired as the New and everyone was glad that reunions are held just once a year.

One grizzled 'Canal man told a younger Marine from the bunkers of Korea, "It takes me a year to recover."

The K-vet hoisted his suitcase and answered, "I thought I was tired when I got off the Reservoir—now I know what the word means. See you next year in D.C." **END**

Lieut. Gen. Randolph McC. Pate held school on the swagger stick for two models who presented a fashion show during the three-day reunion

Marines from the Recruit Depot, San Diego, had the honor of escorting the Second's colors up Broadway on the opening day

An informal buffet supper, attended by more than 500, climaxed the first day

HOME AGAIN

by MSgt. Robert W. Tallent

THE SECOND Marine Division paid a brief visit "home" not long ago. In the opinion of many San Diegans and veterans of the outfit, it was about time—roughly 12 years.

In 1942, the Second loaded-out for overseas mainly from San Diego's Broadway piers. The famous battles of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Tinian and Okinawa were in the offing. Following these, and a period of occupation duty, the outfit went Stateside. The press of world affairs, however, caused the Second to be relocated in a different firehouse, this time on the East Coast. The unit never returned to its old stamping grounds.

This matter rankled proud San Diegans; they felt a major piece of their local history was adrift. Veterans of the old Second, also aware of the oversight, moved to wipe it off the books this Summer. So, finally, after what plank owners would term a "dozen years and a butt," the banners of the "Follow Me" Division marched up Broadway on the occasion of the Second Marine Division Association's annual reunion.

A sort of meeting-cum-homecoming, it turned out to be the largest since the organization was founded in 1949.

Marshaled by Lieutenant General Julian C. Smith, USMC (ret'd), who had led the division through Tarawa and later organized the association, veterans from all sections of the country gathered to commemorate old times.

The "salts" showed they weren't oblivious to progress though; the colors arrived by helicopter, a piece of equipment as foreign to them as a green cloth uniform belt when they were stationed in "Dago". They carefully looked over, and passed on, the new Corps during a combat review held in their honor at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. In addition to the usual banquets, dances and ceremonies, a California-Hawaii touch was introduced on the opening night. A luau was held on the patio of the U. S. Grant Hotel. Primarily, however, the purpose of the reunion was to cut-up old touches and square away a long standing omission. **END**

Major General John C. McQueen served as host for the convention dignitaries during a Combat Review at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot

Staff NCO Transfers

Compiled by

TSgt. John P. McConnell

Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ABBOTTS, William D. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ADAMS, George R. (3419) MB NTC GLakes to MarActy as MarPac may dir
AILSWORTH, Otis M. (5849) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ALBANESE, Nicholas (3034) 3d MAW Miami to MCDS Albany Ga.
ALDERMAN, Kermit H. (3529) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ALEXANDER, Ray E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
ALTARE, Marion C. (1819) MB NB Norfolk to 2dMarDiv Lej.
ANDERSON, Leonard A. (5649) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to Air FMFPac El Toro
ANDREWS, Harvey P. (0149) I&I 1st155mmGunBtry Reading Pa to Quant
ANDREWS, Marvin D. (0149) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
AUGUSTINE, Charles L. (6419) 3d MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BABYAK, Joseph J. (6619) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BAILEY, Sam H. (5239) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to MCRD PI
BARNETT, Green (0759) ForTrpsFMF Pac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
BELL, Leon (6741) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
BERRY, Edward L. (3014) 14thRifCo. USMCR Kentfield Calif to ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif
BLOCH, Reinhold (0149) I&I 4thSigCo USMCR Cincinnati to MarActy as MarPac may dir
BODNAR, Stephen A. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW CherPt
BOHANNON, Early H. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
BOISSONEAU, Eugene C. (3014) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BRAWNER, Herman (0729) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
BRENEMAN, Gerald W. (4969) Mar-Pac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
BROWN, Claude (0149) MCAS El Toro to CamPen FFT
BRYAN, Lyle T. (6619) 2dMAW Cher-Pt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BUCZEK, Walter A. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
BURTON, Harold M. (3529) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CAMPBELL, Robert H. Jr. (3079) MarCorCloDep Phila to 2dMarDiv Lej
CAPPELLUTO, Thomas (3024) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CANSDELLE, Carroll J. (6619) Air-FMFPac El Toro to overseas
CHAPMAN, Emil G. (3014) 10thInfBn USMCR Seattle to MB NOTS Inyo-kern China Lake Calif
CHESTNUT, Arthur B. (4611) MAD NARATRACOM Pensacola to 3dMAW Miami
CHILD, Jack B. (6419) MARTD MARTC Akron O to AirFMFPac El Toro
COLLINS, William P. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MARTD MARTC WashDC
COLSON, Edward E. Jr. (3439) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
COOKE, Russell B. (6419) 3d MAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla.
COPPENBARGER, Alvin E. (5849) 6th MCRRD Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
COSTELOW, Paul T. (3519) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
COUCH, Dwight E. (0149) MB NB Newport RI to CamPen FFT
CROKER, Albert R. (3014) Quant to 1stInfBn USMCR Brooklyn
CULWELL, Thomas F. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
CURTIS, Lon A. (6619) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DAVIDSON, Vernon (0231) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
DEESE, Alton H. (0149) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
DE VITA, Matteo J. (3449) MB NTC GLakes to 2dMarDiv Lej
DICKEY, Rex L. (3039) ForTrpsFMF-Lant Lej to FMFLant Norfolk
DIDIER, Russell O. (0169) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DI RIENZO, Ernest (3079) MarPac to MarCorCloDep Phila
DORRAUGH, Frank R. (4313) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DREWKE, Theodore R. (6419) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
DUBISKY, Frank S. (0267) MB NGF Wash DC to CamPen FFT
DUFFY, Michael "T" (6741) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
ENGLEMAN, Fredrick R. (3014) 18SpI-InfCo USMCR Evanston Ill to Mar-CorCloDep Phila
EVANS, Ernest E. (0121) MCAS El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
EZELL, Felix G. (0339) MarPac to CamPen FFT
FARMER, Robert C. (6519) MARTD MARTC Memphis to MAD NATTC Jax Fla.
FAULRING, Francis L. (6519) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW CherPt
FINCHEM, Harold W. (3014) 1st-ANGLICO USMCR Ft Schuyler NY to Lej
FINKEN, William H. (7011) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FREVILLE, Leo V. (2719) MarPac to CamPen FFT
FULGHAM, Robert L. (6519) MARTD MARTC Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GARDNER, Douglas D. (5711) FMF-PacTrps CamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GELRUD, John (0349) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GFROERER, William A. (3019) 1stAir-DelCo USMCR Moffett Fld Calif to MB Treasure Is FFT
GIBBA, John (6439) 3d MAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
GIBSON, Beuford H. (6619/7326) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GIBSON, Loure L. (1319) Lej to I&I 4thEngCo USMCR Charleston WVa
GILBERT, Robert A. (6419) 6thMC-RRD Atlanta to MAD NATTC Memphis
GILES, Garland C. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to 3dMAW Miami
GLEAVES, Denton V. (6449) MAD NATTC Memphis to MTG-20 CherPt
GEANT, Leo J. (6419/7223) Air FMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
GRANT, Theodore M. (0319) 9thMC-RRD Chicago to CamPen FFT
GREENE, Peter F. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPenFFT
GREGORY, James E. (7011) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GROENWALD, William H. (0339) MAD NABATRACOM Pensacola to CamPen FFT
GROSS, Franklin D. (0419) HQMC (StateDept-Jerusalem, Pales) to 2d MarDiv Lej
GULATH, Edwin R. (3014) MarPac to MB NAD Crane Ind
GUTHRIE, Thomas J. (0149) 3dMAW Miami to I&I 13th SpIInfCo. US-MCR Austin Tex
HAISLEY, Robert E. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HALE, Forrest H. (4611) MAD NA-BATRACOM Pensacola to 2dMAW CherPt
HALL, William T. (6519) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HANNAN, Eliot L. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
HARRISON, Ancel (5839) MB NB Norfolk Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
HARTMAN, Charles W. (3019) 2dFld-MaintCo USMCR Alameda Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
HEALY, Dominick J. (3349) HQMC to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HEIM, William J. Jr. (0791) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
HERBOLD, John J. (6449) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
HIGGINS, Harold V. (0149) I&I 13th-SpIInfCo. USMCR Austin Tex to FMFPacTrps CamPen
HILL, William O. (3069) MARTD MARTC NAS NY to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HODGE, Paul A. (0319) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to MarActy as MarPac may dir
HOLT, James W. (3219) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to Quant
HORTON, Kenneth (3269) Quant to MCAB CherPt
HUGHES, Russell W. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HUMPHREY, Madison E. (0149) MD USS Iowa to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
JAHNKE, Gilbert W. (6519) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JAMERSON, James T. (6419) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
JAMES, William O. (3529) 2dMarDiv Lej to HQMC
JENSEN, Carl (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOHNSON, Francis J. (6419) 3dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOHNSON, Joe K. (3054) FMFPac to Lej
JONES, Francis M. (3379) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JONES, Wilson D. (2639) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
JORDAN, William A. (3014) 1stArmd-PhibCo USMCR Gulfport Miss to FMFLant Norfolk
JOUBERT, William L. R. (0149) I&I 3d105mmHowBtry USMCR Ft Worth to AirFMFPac El Toro
KAJDACZ, Henry M. (0149) MB Wash DC to MCB Lej
KANE, Raymond P. (0149) Lej to MARTD MARTC St.Louis
KELLER, Harold F. (3439) 9thMCRRD Chicago to CamPen FFT
KOHL, Walter O. (2249) Quant to MarActy as MarPac may dir
KURZ, John R. (3014) MB NGF WashDC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LOING, James W. (6717) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LANDRY, Francis M. (2569) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LANGIN, Nestor F. (0231) TTU Phib-TraLant LCreek Va to CamPen FFT
LAUGEN, Lawrence N. (7041/7314) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LAW, James G. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
LAWRENCE, Aldwin B. (3024) MarPac to CamPen FFT
LEE, Gerald T. (6741) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LE QUIA, Joseph P. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
LOWE, John G. Jr. (0149) AirFMFPac El Toro to I&I 5th AWBtry USMCR Pico Calif
MAGRATH, Eric (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
MAPLES, Roy D. (0149) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
MARTIN, Billy H. (6619) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMF-Pac El Toro
MASON, Robert C. (0319) MCAS Navy #990 to MB NAS Memphis
MATEER, James B. (6419/6481) Air-FMFPac El Toro to overseas
MC CANN, Richard J. (0149) I&I 1st-OrdFldMaintCo USMCR Columbia Pa to Quant
MC CARTY, Daniel E. (0339) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
MC CULLOUGH, Herbert L. (6419) MARTD MARTC Lincoln Neb to Air-FMFPac El Toro
MC DONALD, Jack P. (0319) MCRD Pt to 2dMAW CherPt
MC GUIRE, Eugene H. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to MB NAS NAMTC Mugu Calif
MC LEROY, Guy (6419) 3dMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MERCIER, Leo P. (0149) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MICHALSKI, Henry (6419/4712) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
MIDDLETON, Clyde E. (6619/7312) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MILBURN, Lester J. (3379) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MILLS, James E. (3534) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MONTRUCCHIO, Alfred G. (1839) 5th-MCRRD Arlington Va to 12thMCRRD SFran
MOODY, Howard Q. (5711) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MORRIS, James L. (6449) MAD NATTC Memphis to 3dMAW Miami
MOSKVA, John (6619) 2dMAW Cher-Pt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MYERS, Donald L. (3419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NTC GLakes
NASH, George Jr. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
NEELY, William R. (3017) MarPac to MCAS El Toro
NEILL, William J. (0149) MCRD PI to MB NSB New London Conn
NELSON, Lavern W. (6419) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
NELSON, Verl K. (7119) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NICHOLS, Edward V. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
NORTON, John J. (6619/7314) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
OGDEN, Victor P. (6519) MCAB CherPt to MTG-20 Cher Pt
ORMAND, John A. (0349) Quant to CamPen FFT
ONDOVCHIK, Joseph F. (1539) FMF-Lant Norfolk to CamPen FFT
PARKER, Earl F. Jr. (0149) HQMC (TheArtySco), Ft Sill, Okla) to MB Treasure Is FFT
PARZIALE, Annette (0179) MarPac to Quant
PASHOVSKY, Stephan (3019) Quant to MD NOP Macon Ga
PHIFER, Edward D. (5249) 2dMarDiv

Lej to 6thMCRRD Atlanta
PHILLIPS, Allan F. (3019) 4th 90mm GunBtry USMCR Spokane to CamPen
PITTMAN, Tillery F. (3019) 1st 4.5" RktBn USMCR Dallas to FMFPacTrps CamPen
PIUSZ, Walter (6419) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PLANTE, Joseph G. E. (3014) 1stInfBn USMCR Brooklyn to Lej
PLUMMER, Pershing W. (0848) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
PRICE, Florian H. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
PYLES, George W. (0319) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to CamPen FFT
QUEEN, William J. (0149) 2dMARDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
RASMUSSEN, Donald C. (6419/7314) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
REEVES, Dolphus C. (2539) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
REINEMAN, Edward J. Jr. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMF Pac El Toro FFT
REMOLDE, Lydia D. (0149) MarPac to Lej
RICHARDS, George E. (0149) MB NB Phila to I&I 1stOrdFldMaintCo USMCR Columbia Pa
ROACH, Luther J. (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
ROBINSON, Gary H. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
ROSS, Robert W. (7041) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SALABERRY, John E. (0319) 5th MCRRD Arlington Va to CamPen FFT
SAMPLE, Elmer A. (5619) HQMC to 1stProvMarGuidedMissileBn Inyokern China Lake Calif
SANDERS, Clarmon W. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SAWIN, Kenneth B. (6741) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
SCOTT, Donald J. (0339) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SMITH, Gerald E. (0319) AirFMFac El Toro to overseas
SNYDER, Maurice (3349) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SNYDER, Robert F. (7419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
SNAVELY, Joseph C. Jr. (3024) FMFLant Norfolk to Lej
SOUTHWARD, John E. (2119) MarPac to MCDS Albany Ga
SPRATT, Gerald A. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SPRICK, Clarence A. (0149) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami
STALLINGS, Paul L. (3379) MCAB CherPt to MCDS Albany Ga
STAMATS, William E. (3529) 2dMAW CherPt to MCAB CherPt
STEPHENS, David H. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
STEELE, Thomas G. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
STEWART, Henry H. (0819) MarPac to MCRD PI
ST. MARTIN, George E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SUMMERHILL, Archie D. (0149) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
SUMNER, Robert L. (1129) Quant to CamPen FFT
SWEENEY, Edward J. (7419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
TAYLOR, Andrew T. (6418/7312) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
TEDDER, Richard M. Jr. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
THEK, John R. (0149) 1stMCRRD Boston to MD USS Iowa
THETFORD, Jack P. (6419) 9thMCRRD Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
TINSLEY, Hubert (6619/7314) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
TINSLEY, John E. (3069) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to I&I 61stSplInfCo USMCR Lexington Ky
TIRITILLI, Rosindo A. (0231) TTU PhibTraPac SDiego to CamPen FFT
TIRPAK, George M. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
TOWNSEND, Walter (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
TURNER, Samuel S. (0339) 2dMarDiv Lej to Quant
VAUGHAN, Shadrach T. (2619) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
VILLEMARETTE, Kirdy M. (3379) Quant to MCRD PI
VINSON, John C. (6419) AirFMPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
VOGT, Leon L. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WALKER, Benjamin L. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
WALKER, James A. (0319) MarPac to CamPen FFT
WATKINS, William L. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
WARD, Robert T. (0319) Quant to CamPen FFT
WATSON, James O. (2719) MarPac to CamPen FFT
WEAVER, James W. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
WEBER, Nicholas A. (6519) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
WELCH, John P. (0149) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
WHITAKER, Harold W. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to MCAB CherPt
WHITE, James F. (3319) HQMC to Quant
WHITMORE, Glynn L. (0149) I&I 15th InfBn USMCR Navy #128 to FMFPac Trps CamPen
WILEY, Melvin H. (1129) Quant to CamPen FFT
WILLIAMS, Harold R. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WINSTEAD, Johnnie B. (0319) 2dMar Div Lej to Quant
WINTERSTEIN, William E. (0149) TorTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
WOODRING, Harold C. (6619/7313) 2d MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WROBLEWSKI, Lewis C. (0349) 12th-MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
YANCY, Leslie (3529) 1stMarDiv to MarActy as MarPac may dir
YERKEY, Charles (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
ZAHN, William A. (0231) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
ZELL, Milburn N. (0149) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ADAMS, James L. (6449) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW Cher Pt
ANDERSON, Donald A. (2669) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ANDERSON, Robert J. (2279) Quant to 1stProvMarCorGMBn Inyokern China Lake Calif
ANDERSON, Walter "D" (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
ARMSTRONG, Fenner O. (1841) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ATKINSON, Charles L. (3019) MarPac to I&I 14thRifCo. USMCR Kentfield Calif
BABER, Robert P. (6619) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Memphis
BABROCKY, Albert Z. (4939) 9thMCRRD Chicago to MCAS El Toro
BAILEY, James E. (2119) 8dMarDiv Lej to MCDS Albany Ga
BAILEY, Jerome E. (4136) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
BARNES, William (7419) MARTD, MARTC Willow Grove Pa to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BATHE, Robert G. (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to HQMC
BEABOUT, Kenneth E. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BEASLEY, Robert E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
BECKLUND, William R. (3534) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BENEDICT, Sulton J. (0319) MD NavRetraCom NB Portsmouth NH to Quant
BENJAMIN, Leonard D. (3014) Lej to 2dMAW CherPt
BENSON, Albert J. (1369) I&I 1st EngBn USMCR Ft McHenry Baltimore to 2dMarDiv Lej
BESSETTE, Albert J. Jr. (0149) Quant to CamPen FFT
BILICIC, Charles C. (7041) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
BLASKO, John B. (1379) Quant to CamPen FFT
BLIZARD, Herbert E. (2149) Quant to MCRD PI
BODUCH, Walter (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BOGGS, James E. (2639) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BOOTH, Karl K. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
BOSTWICK, Charles W. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
BOYCE, John F. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BOYKIN, Stephen F. (3039) Quant to FMFLant Norfolk
BREEDEN, Earl S. Jr. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BRESSERT, Albert E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
BRIDGES, Larry W. (1369) FMFPacTrps CamPen to I&I 9thEngCo USMCR Phoenix
BROWN, Charles E. Jr. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
BRUMFIELD, Lamar E. (2316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BUCKINGHAM, John E. (3419) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BUMGARNER, Oliver C. (6419) 4thMCRRD Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro
BURGESS, Harold T. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CAMPBELL, Lewis S. (3024) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to CamPen FFT
CARROLL, Toby (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CASTEEL, Earl H. (3019) MarPac to MarCorSupFwdAnnex SFran
CHAPMAN, Glenn A. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CHARLTON, Harry R. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
CLARK, Owen C. (0149) MCRD PI to 2dMAW CherPt
CLARK, Raymond (0147) MarPac to MB Treasure Is FFT
CLINE, Cleatus A. (3439) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to FMFPacTrps CamPen
COMBS, Clifford (4136) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
COON, William D. Jr. (0121) MarPac to CamPen FFT
COOPER, Linden V. (6481) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
CORET, William F. (7041) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CREECH, "L" "J" (0336) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to CamPen FFT
CROPPER, Donald L. (0231) Quant to CamPen FFT
CRUMPACKER, Lloyd E. (1129) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
CRYSTAL, William F. (5819) MD NavRetraCom Portsmouth to 2dMarDiv Lej
DALEY, John E. Jr. (0147) FMFPac Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
DAVIS, Aiden A. (7419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
DAVIS, Dennis H. (6439) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro
DESHOLEL, Riley (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DESPEAUX, Lee A. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DEVINE, Walter L. (2119) Quant to MCRD PI
DEWIRE, Robert E. (3539) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DI SILVESTRO, Victor (0169) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DOBERSTEAIN, June R. (0179) Lej to Quant
DOLLARD, Charles W. (7119) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
DOUGHTY, Francis F. (2119) 4thMCRRD Phila to CamPen FFT
DOWNING, Russell W. (5849) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DOXTATOR, Henry R. (0316) Lej to CamPen FFT
DUGAN, Robert S. Jr. (0319) 9thMCRRD Chicago to CamPen FFT
DUCAN, James W. (4136) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DURKIN, John J. (6741) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
EARLES, Francis J. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
EDWARDS, Charles W. A. (1129) Lej to Barstow (Calif) Annex
ELLIS, Erwin H. (6439) MAD NATTC to AirFMFPac
EOFF, Harold (2660) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
EVANOFF, Christ J. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
FAIRCHILD, Cecil A. (3539) MCAS

TURN PAGE

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TRANSFERS (cont.)

Miami to CamPen FFT
FEDIN, Joseph (0339) MarPac to CamPen FFT
FERRAIR, Sisto F. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
FINK, Victor F. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT
FITZPATRICK, James W. (3529) Lej to CamPen FFT
FLORENCE, Raymond O. (0147) 12th-MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
FLYNN, William J. (2519) I&I 3dSig-Co USMCR Rochester NY to MCRD SD
FORMICA, Giacinto (3539) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
FOSTER, Charles D. (0319) MarPac to CamPen FFT
FLGINITI, Rudolph V. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
GARDNER, Jack R. (6419) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GARDNER, Wayne L. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
GARDNER, Auston H. (0419) MARTD MARTC Birmingham to CamPen FFT
GASPER, Joe S. (5849) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GENTRY, Robert E. (6419) MCAB CherPt to MTG-20 CherPt
GILES, James A. (6761) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac Toro FFT
GLEADLE, Harry E. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
GLOVER, Cleveland W. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MTG-20 CherPt
GOECKS, Willis J. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
GORSE, George A. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
GRADWELL, Howard P. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GREGG, Weldon I. (0129) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
GROCHALSKI, Richard L. (0316) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
HADDAD, Phillip J. (3319) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HAMPTON, John (3379) 5thMCRRD Arlington Va to Quant
HANCOCK, John C. (2539) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD SD
HAND, Charles R. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HARPER, Guy M. (5849) MB NAS Memphis to CamPen FFT
HARRELL, Gene L. (7041) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HATHAWAY, Melvin R. (6519) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HAYS, Charles H. (2669) MB NAS Pensacola to AirFMFPac El Toro
HAYWARD, Paul B. Jr. (0169) 2d-MAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
HEARD, Willis G. (3369) MarPac to CamPen FFT
HELBRINGER, Raymond H. (0147) MCAB CherPt to CamPen FFT
HELLER, Wilford P. (3379) MB NN-SYd Portsmouth Va to Lej
HENCHEL, Richard F. (0147) 12th-MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
HENSLEE, Gene C. (3019) Lej to CamPen
HODGENS, Floyd W. (5849) 8th MC-RRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
HOOVER, Blaine W. (3069) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
HORWATT, Charles (3379) ForTrps-FMLant Lej to Quant
HOWELL, Holden (3069) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
HUGHEN, Willie T. Jr. (0149) Quant to CamPen FFT
HUTCHINS, Lawrence G. (6519) MA-RTC SWeymouth Mass to 3dMAW Miami
IMEL, William A. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
IRELAND, Terry R. (3539) Lej to CamPen FFT
IRWIN, James H. (2539) MCAB CherPt to MCRD SD
JACKSON, Warren C. (5519) Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro
JOHNSON, Bernard (3014) 2dMarDiv Lej to Quant
KASZAR, Steve J. (6519) MARTD MARTC Akron to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KELLER, Robert P. (2336) 3dMAW Miami to MB NPF Indian Head Md
KEOGH, Hugh J. Jr. (0336) MB NNSYd Portsmouth Va to MCRD PI
KING, James A. Jr. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis Tenn
KIRKBRIDGE, Rex R. (6419) MARTD MARTC Birmingham to AirFMFPac El Toro
KLESZYNAK, Charles A. (0316) Quant to CamPen FFT
KLIEFOTH, Robert A. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
KOZEL, Walter M. (2619) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD SD
KRAUSS, Alfred L. Jr. (6419) Air-FMFPac El Toro to overseas
LA MONTAGNE, Robert N. (6519) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LEWANDORSKI, Anthony M. (0147) 9thMCRRD Chicago to Quant
LILJA, Edwin (2119) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
LLOYD, Harold W. (2529) FMFPac-Trps CamPen to CamPen FFT
LUCAS, Robert L. (2539) FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lej
LYNMAN, Katherine M. (0179) MarPac to Quant
MACK, Jacob M. (6481) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
MACLEARY, Richard R. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MTG-20 CherPt
MALARICH, William V. (1419) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
MASKE, Paul E. (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
MATULICH, Mack C. (0147) MarPac to MCRD PI
MAY, Ray B. (6419) MARTD MARTC Brooklyn to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC ALLISTER, Charles B. (6419) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC BRIDE, Herbert C. (0339) 8th-MCRRD NOrleans to CamPen FFT
MC CULLOUGH, Lawrence H. (3024) Lej to CamPen FFT
MC CUMBER, Donald C. (3014) 2d-TkBn USMCR Syracuse NY to MC-AB CherPt
MC DONALD, Jay F. (1369) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
MC ELVEEN, Preston W. (3379) MB NAS QuonPt RI to MCRD PI
MELETIS, Paul J. (0316) 1stMAW to MarAc ty Sc tyFor POA as CG FMFPac may dir
MEMMER, George V. (0849) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to MB Treasure Is
MERRILL, James S. (3519) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MIKULSKI, Casimer (3539) 9thMC-RRD Chicago to Quant
MILNE, James Jr. (6449) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
NATHAN, Ernest R. (3019) MCFwd-Dep Portsmouth Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
NELSON, Willard A. (6519) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
NEWCOMB, LaVaughn (0816) 12th-MCRRD SFran to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
O'CALLAGHAN, Michael J. Jr. (0848) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
OWEN, Harvey B. (0319) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
PALMER, Troy W. Jr. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PAVIC, Charles T. (6717) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PANGBORN, Clifford K. (6419) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FT
PAZ, William J. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
PETERS, Carl W. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PETERSON, Harold E. (6619) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MB NAS Pt Mugu Calif
PETTINELLL, Alfred S. (0419) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
PURDY, Herbert G. (3519) MarPac to CamPen FFT
PROFFER, Edward (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT
RALLS, John H. (3019) 10thInfBn USMCR Seattle to FMFPacTrps CamPen
RAMSEY, Charles E. (6419) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
RANDOLPH, Joel P. (2529) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPad El Toro FFT
RAY, Jack V. (1279) MarPac to MTG-20 CherPt
REEVES, Charles W. (0266) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 2dWpnsBn USMCR Kansas City
RENERSON, Frank J. (0316) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to CamPen FFT
RENFRO, Norman M. (6439) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
RICE, Bazzle J. (6439) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
RIPA, Sebastiano F. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
ROBBINS, Donald E. (6419) 1stMC-RRD Boston to MAD NATTC Memphis
ROCKETT, Jesse C. Jr. (6449) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
ROSS, Arthur (0147) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
ROUNTREE, John N. (6481) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
RUDAT, William C. (3019) MarPac to I&I 8thRifCo USMCR Oklahoma City
RYAN, John J. Jr. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
SANDLIN, Errett E. (3249) MarPac to MCRD PI
SCHMALTZ, Henry J. (6419) AirFMF-Pac to overseas
SEXTON, Odis E. (3019) MB NB Charleston to I&I 39thSpIInfCo US-MCR Connelsville Pa
SHAFFER, Robert (2569) FMFLant Norfolk to CamPen FFT
SHANE, Robert D. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
SHAW, Charles F. (5249) 4thMCRRD Phila to CamPen FFT
SHELTON, Adolphus Jr. (6419) 2d-MAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
SMITH, Charles K. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
SMITH, Philip C. (1319) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
SOLLONGER, Nelson R. (6419) MAR-TD MARTC Columbus O to AirFMF-Pac El Toro
SONNENBERG, Henry A. Jr. (6439) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
SPRAGGINS, Clyde G. (2119) 12th-MCRRD SFran to CamPen FFT
STANOWSKI, Edward W. (2669) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
STOLZ, Richard S. (3619) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SULLIVAN, John E. Jr. (6419) 2d-MAW CherPt to HQMC
SYKES, Leon (6519) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
SZABO, Thomas M. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis
TANNER, Cleland E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
TATLAJAKI, Edward (0147) Lej to MB NMD Yorktown Va.
TENNEY, Willard F. (0371) MarPac to CamPen FFT
TERLIZZI, Frank M. (5239) 6thMC-RRD Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro
TOLNAY, David G. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
RORCASCO, John V. (6519) MARTD MARTC LosAlam to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
VALENTINO, John J. (0149) MCRD PI to Quant
WAINWRIGHT, James L. 6419) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WAKEFIELD, Donald R. (1379) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to Lej
WALKER, Joseph A. (0339) 1st MC-RRD Boston to CamPen FFT
WALLACE, James C. (3014) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MB Treasure Is FFT
WATSO, Jack M. (5563) MarPac to CamPen FFT
WEITHONER, Harry F. (0147) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WEST, Lillian J. (0149) Lej to Quant
WEST, Travis W. (0316) Quant to CamPen FFT
WHITT, Edward C. (1129) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
WIGGLESWORTH, Roger B. (2639) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
WILLKOMM, James W. (6439) 2d-MAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
WILSON, James E. (6419) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
WOMACK, Joseph E. (3249) Lej to CamPen FFT
WOODS, Jack V. (2500) MCAB CherPt to MCRD Sd
YOUNG, Glenn R. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT

STAFF SERGEANTS

ADKINS, Cecil (3379) MarPac to CamPen FFT
AKERS, Jake "P" Jr. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NTC GLakes
ALDRICH, Paul (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ALLEN, Samuel R. (2411) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
ANDERSON, Elliott T. (1129) HQMC to Quant
ANTHONY, James E. (6619) MAD NATTC Memphis to 2dMAW CherPt
ARIAS, Jose H. (1367) MarPac to FMFPacTrps CamPen
BALLARD, Robbie R. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BARKER, George A. (3534) MCAS Quant to MCAS Toro
BARTON, Bernard R. (0335) I&I 6th-InfBn USMCR Houston to 2dMarDiv Lej
BEILING, Francis J. Jr. (0147) Air-FMFPac El Toro to MCRD PI
BILLINGS, Joseph G. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-Karachi,Pakistan to Cam-Pen FFT
BIRCH, Sylvia M. (6711) MCAS El Toro to MB Treasure Is FFT
BORING, Charles, W. (3379) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
BOUTELLE, Herman H. Jr. (3068) 2d-MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BREWER, Jesse J. Jr. (5849) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
BROOKS, Charles (3211) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
BROWN, Frank L. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
BROWN, Ralph L. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to Air FMFPac FFT
BUCKMAN, Donald E. (6819) MB NAS Lakehurst to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BURGENER, Rulen Jr. (0316) 15th-RifCo USMCR Seal Beach Calif to CamPen FFT
BURELL, Robert F. (3111) MB NB Brooklyn to 2dMAW CherPt
BURKHART, Charles F. (0119) FMF-Pac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
BRUSED, Theodore (3037) Lej to MC-SC Albany Ga
BYRNE, Lawrence T. (0147) Quant to MCOProcurement O Minneapolis
CAFOLIA, Rocco E. (3634) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD PI
CAMPBELL, Robert R. (0147) MarPac to I&I 2dWpnsBn USMCR Kansas City
CARROLL, Robert E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
CASSIDY, Paul J. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
CHALOUX, Bruce J. E. (0316) FMF-Pac to 1stMAW
CHAPPELL, Jeff D. (0316) MB NAV-ANTRACOM Corpus Christi to Cam-Pen FFT
CHIARELLO, Rafello (0336) MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lej
CHOKA, Francis J. (3771) Lej to Air-FMFPac El Toro FFT
CLARK, Robert S. (6411) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El toro FFT
COLEMAN, George R. (0147) 6thMC-RRD Atlanta to 3dMAW Miami
COLLINS, Joseph W. (2119) Quant to MCRD PI
CONELY, Donald L. (2531) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 1st155mmGun Bn USMCR Reading Pa
COOK, Albert Jr. (1814) MB NTC GLakes to CamPen FFT
COOK, Carleton D. (3534) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv Lej
COOK, Harold J. (6761) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
CORRIGAN, Saul T. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to MAD NATTC Memphis
CRICK, John C. (0316) HQMC to MTG-20 CherPt
CROWELL, Howard F. (3068) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro
CUNNINGHAM, Cameron C. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DAILEY, James E. (0336) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DAVIS, Vernon E. (0346) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 2dWpnsBn USMCR Kansas City
DELANY, Charles W. (6519) MARTD MARTC Los Alam to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DELL, Harold A. (3534) Lej to CamPen FFT
DILLARD, Billy R. (1814) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DORR, Matthew J. (7119) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
DORSEY, Burr (3037) FMFLant Norfolk to MCDS Albany Ga
DOUGLAS, Okey J. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
DOWNING, Calrk H. Jr. (0147) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to FMFPacTrps CamPen
DRODGE, Douglas B. (0316) HQMC (StateDept-New Delhi, India) to 2d-MarDiv Lej
DUNCAN, Donald R. (6519) 2d MAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DUNCAN, George C. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
DUNSCOMB, Jesse H. (3371) FMFPac to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
ELIA, Michael V. (3379) 2dMARDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ELMS, Robert W. (0336) Lej to CamPen FFT
ELSMAN, Charles K. (0147) MB NMD Yorktown Va to 2d MAW CherPt
ERWIN, Stanley R. (2561) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FAGER, Wendel P. (3013) Lej to I&I 5thInfBn USMCR Detroit
FARMER, Robert J. (0147) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to Lej
FAUBER, Murle J. (3211) MarCorClo-Dep Phila to CamPen FFT
FELDMAN, David A. (0147) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FREEDMAN, Arnold S. (0316) Quant to CamPen FFT
FUNARI, Frank W. (3371) MB NA-VANTRACOM NAS Corpus Christi to CamPen
GALLAGHER, Edward F. (0147) 3d-MAW Miami to CamPen FFT
GATTIS, Thomas H. (3371) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CamPen FFT
GANGL, Ralph (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
GERSTNER, John W. Jr. (4029) MC-AB CherPt to HQMC
GIAQUINTO, Raymond A. (0316) Mar-Pac to CamPen FFT
GLADYSZ, Vincent B. (0316) 2dMar-Div Lej to CamPen FFT
GOGGIO, Frank (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to Quant
GOLON, Ramond F. (6511) AirFMF-Pac El Toro to overseas
GOODNOH, LeRoy S. Jr. (0316) 2d-MarDiv to CamPen FFT
GOULD, Leon N. (0316) Quant to CamPen FFT
GRANT, Llewellyn W. (1814) Quant to CamPen FFT
HALLIDAY, Harlow N. (3370) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
HAMPTON, Charles T. (2611) 2dMar-Div to MCRD SD
HANES, Lucius E. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
HANKINS, Thomas J. (0147) 3dMAW Miami to MCOProcurementO Chicago
HARDIMAN, Matthew B. (0316) Mar-Pac to CamPen FFT
HARPER, Robert O. (2431) MarPac to CamPen FFT
HATTER, Elmer F. (0335) MCRD PI to MB NB Brooklyn
HAWKINS, William J. Jr. (3534) HQMC (StateDept-Rabat, Morocco) to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
HALNIE, Beauford L. (0316) MB NMD Yorktown Va to CamPen FFT
HERMAN, John L. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NAS Fla
HERRINGTON, Robert E. (0316) Mar-Pac to CamPen FFT
HERTIG, Richard K. (0316) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
HICKEY, William C. (0147) MTG-20 CherPt to MCOProcurementO NYC
HILL, Jack L. (3241) HQMC to Lej
HOFFMAN, George W. (0848) I&I 4th-155mmHowBtry USMCR Raleigh to CamPen FFT
HOLLAND, Cary J. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HOWARD, John R. (3379) Lej to CamPen FFT

HOWARD, Wayne L. (3419) AirFMFPac El Toro to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
HOWE, Milton J. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
HUBBS, Russell L. (2611) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD SD
HUDSON, William J. (0816) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
HUFF, Edward A. (2119) TTU PhibTraLant LCreek Va to MCRD PI
HUMPHREY, Galen F. (6761) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro
JARRETT, Larry G. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
JENKINS, Cecil W. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
JEWELL, Charles P. Sr. (6761) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
JOLLY, Henry R. (3413) MarPac to ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif
JONES, Robert E. (0316) MAD NAD Charlotte NC to CamPen FFT
KATZAMAN, Norman P. (2411) Quant to CamPen FFT
KEANE, Thomas T. (2411) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
KELLEY, Brady (6519) MCAS Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KELLEY, Darvis L. (0316) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
KENT, Brent E. (0336) MarPac to MCRD PI
KING, Cornelius G. (6511) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
LEIN, Edwin J. (0335) MB NGF WashDC to CamPen FFT
KOLIHA, Joe J. (0147) 8thMCRRD NOrleans to MarActy as MarPac may dir
KOZAIN, Donald G. (2119) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
LANDACRE, Earle, E. (0849) ForTrpsFMFPac Lej to MB Treasure Is FFT
LANDRY, Kernice M. (2461) AirFMFLant Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LANG, Robert A. (0147) MB NB Phila to MCProcurementO Phila
LEE, Richard R. (6463) Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej
LETCHER, Dale B. (0316) 4thMCRRD Phila to CamPen FFT
LEVASSERU, Lester L. (2543) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
LEVESQUE, Robert A. (0316) MCRD PI to CamPen
LIBERTY, Arthur A. (0316) MB NAD Hastings Neb to MCRD PI
LI CALZI, Ernest (2119) 1stMCRRD Boston to CamPen FFT
LINDSEY, Fermon (5711) MCRD PI to 2dMAW CherPt
LITTLE, Harold W. (0746) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to 1st90mm-Gun Btry USMCR Augusta Me
LONG, "M" "C" (3231) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
LOOF, Charles J. (7119) MB NAS Lakehurst to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
LOWE, Nixon A. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
LUDWICK, Theodore A. (6439) MTG-20 CherPt to MAD NATTC Jax Fla
MAGNO, Vincent O. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MAHONEY, John (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MARAH, Lawrence M. (3014) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MARQUIS, Robert E. (1129) 2dMAW CherPt to CamPen FFT
MARTIN, Freddy M. (4111) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac
MARTIN, Richard W. (0147) MCRD PI 1stMCRRD Boston
MARTINEZ, Ernest T. (2471) Quant to CamPen FFT
MASON, Bernard J. (2336) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MASON, Blanche S. (033033) MCAS El Toro to FMFPac
MATTHEWS, George F. (3613) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC CAULEY, Hugh (3011) MB NB Boston to MCAB CherPt
MC Clain, "C" "B" (6513) MB NAVANTRACOM NAS Corpus Christi to MARTD MARTC Dallas
MC CLEAD, Everett (1814) 6thMCRRD Arlington Va to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
MC DONOUGH, Joseph R. (2543) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
MC GOVERN, Daryl T. (2600) MB NTC GLakes to 2MAW CherPt
MC KINNON, Murray E. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MC NABB, James D. (4611) MCAS Navy #990 to 3dMAW Miami
MC PHEE, Charles S. (0316) Lej to CamPen FFT
MC RANNOLDS, John L. Jr. (6511) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC TIERMAN, Patrick (3419) MCDO EPA WashDC to HQMC
MELBY, Robert B. (2549) MarPac to CamPen FFT
MERINGOLO, Albert A. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MEYER, Dwight E. (6761) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MICHAUD, Ernest R. (0147) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
MILLER, Charles E. (3534) MCFwdDep Portsmouth Va to CamPen FFT
MILLER, David E. (3534) Quant to MCRD PI
MILLER, Raymond R. Jr. (0147) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
MOLLENDER, James J. C. (6519) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MONTOYA, Ernest J. (0316) MD NAAS Chincoteague Va to FMFLant Norfolk
MOORE, Lawrence M. (3013) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MORT, Robert E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
MULLINS, Billy W. (3431) FMFPacTrps CamPen to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif
MULLINS, Joseph T. (1814) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
MURPHY, John B. (0316) HQMC (State Dept, Tehran, Iran) to Quant
MURRAY, Cornelius (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NSD Scotia NY
NELSON, James A. Jr. (2543) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
NERECK, Benjamin J. Sr. (4631) MarPac to 12thMCRRD SFran
NEVEU, Alfred C. (3014) HQMC (Port-au-Prince, Haiti) to 2dMarDiv Lej
NEWTON, Jack E. (7041) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NILSSON, Conrad E. (0336) MarPac to CamPen FFT
NOWDEN, Clarence W. (0316) MCRD PI to CamPen FFT
O'KEEFE, Richard J. (3516) Quant to CamPen FFT
PAGE, Russell (1871) FMFPacTrps CamPen to CamPen FFT
PARENTE, Thomas M. Jr. (4631) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PARKER, George Jr. (0161) FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
PENDAS, Gerard A. Jr. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
PENNOCK, Frances E. (0241) ForTrps FMFLant Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PETERSON, George L. Jr. (6519) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PETTIS, Harold L. (0147) MCRD PI to ForTrpsFMFLant Lej
PHELAN, DeWitt G. (0147) MB NB Portsmouth NH to 1stMCRRD Boston
PONIKVAR, Vernon R. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI
PORTER, Lynn M. (3011) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro
PRATER, Henry C. Jr. (3534) MB NTC GLakes to MarActy as MarPac may dir
PRIDGEON, Woodford (3534) 2dMarDiv Lej to MARTD MARTC Glenview Ill
PRICE, Fred R. (1379) MB NAS Pensacola to CamPen FFT
PRITCHARD, Edward J. (0147) FMFPac to MarActy as MarPac may dir
PURTELL, Paul J. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
QUASCHNIK, Melvin W. (3534) MarPac to CamPen FFT
QUERY, Kenneth B. (6413) 9thMCCRD Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro
QUINN, Daniel J. (6411) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
RATLIFF, Paul C. (6613) 3dMAW to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
RAY, Richard H. (3371) TTU PhibTraPac SDiego to CamPen FFT
REDDOCK, Roy S. (0336) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
REEDK, Henry E. (2316) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to CamPen FFT
REID, Donald G. (0316) MB NMD Yorktown Va to CamPen FFT
RHODES, Billy (3370) MarPac to CamPen FFT
RILEY, Calvin E. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
RINEHART, Robert L. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
ROBBINS, Merton K. (3534) 3dMAW Miami to CamPen FFT
ROBERTS, Edgar E. (0147) 6thMCRRD Atlanta to MTG-20 CherPt
ROGERS, Eugene K. (6413) 9thMCRRD Chicago to 2dMAW CherPt
ROGERS, Raymond C. Jr. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFT
RUARK, Robert H. (0147) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MTG-20 CherPt
RUETER, Robert H. (2549) TTU PhibTraPac SDiego to CamPen FFT
SANDERS, Stanley F. (0316) AirFMFPac El Toro to CamPen FFT
SHAFSTECK, Edward L. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFT
SCOTT, Robert D. (3370) FMFPacTrps CamPen to TTU PhibTraPac SDiego
SESSION, William J. (4936) 3dMarDiv to MarActy as MarPac may dir
SHEFFIELD, Myrrl C. (2411) MarPac to CamPen FFT
SHELFER, Mac R. (0366) MCAS Miami to CamPen FFT
SHIFLETT, Oliver R. (1379) Quant to CamPen FFT
SIMMONS, Harry A. (2261) MCSC Albany Ga to MTG-20 CherPt

END

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A Boot to Boot

I wish I could find a boot
To do all those nasty jobs.
A thoroughly green recruit
To handle those filthy swabs.

One who's practically dead,
With nothing on the ball,
To clean out the head
And sweep down the hall.

He'd never have a dull minute
Or have time for care or worry.
Each job from the time he'd begin it,
Would be injected with "Hurry!"

But my dreams are vain I fear,
For I'm a Corporal you see,
And there's no boot around here,
None, except me.

Corp. David H. Hall

Big John McGurk

Gather round me boys and listen well
To the story I'm about to tell.
It's all about Big John McGurk
Who joined the Marines to get out of work.

Big John told them at the Recruiting depot
Just what he expected out of the show.
The Recruiting Sergeant listened with glee
And with Big John positively did agree.

"You're right, lad," he said with a grin,
"In the Marine Corps we need a lot of men.
Recruits who like to relax and have fun,
You just listen and I'll tell you how it's done.

We sleep each morning till half-past ten,
Then we arise, bathe and rest again.
Later, we eat a leisurely brunch
While deciding what we'll have for lunch.

Then to the barracks for rest or play
Or whatever we want to do the rest of the day.
Before you know it there's evening chow;
What do you think of the Marine Corps now?"

"Oh Boy!" sighed Big John, "that's for me;
From toil and labor I'll soon be free.
And is it true as I've heard them say,
That recruits draw officers' pay?"

"Of course," said the Sarge, nodding his head,
"Why even the Colonels make up your bed.
And this is the only service I guess,
Where Majors serve at the evening mess.

And your table is covered with snowy white
To be softly illuminated by candle light.
And the China is fragile and bound in gold
And Captains do dishes and all they're told.

Now, you may think," the Sarge hastened to say,
"That you have to do your laundry every day;
But that I want you to know just ain't so,
For you are issued a Looey who does it with Rinso!"

Big John listened with a confident air,
But he lost his confidence, along with his hair.
Alas, he found out without much more ado
That the things he'd been told just weren't true.

Mrs. Gladys Isborn

Payday and Poker

Happy me! Happy me!
I'm going on liberty!
I'll chase the gals,
I'll have some fun,
And then I'll be done.

Happy me! Happy me!
I'm off on a spree!
I'll travel the rounds,
I'll meet my pals,
And shower gifts on my gals.

Woe is me! Woe is me!
There's a catch you see—
That poker game,
It cost me plenty;
Could you loan me twenty?

Ned Brundage

END

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